January 17, 1950

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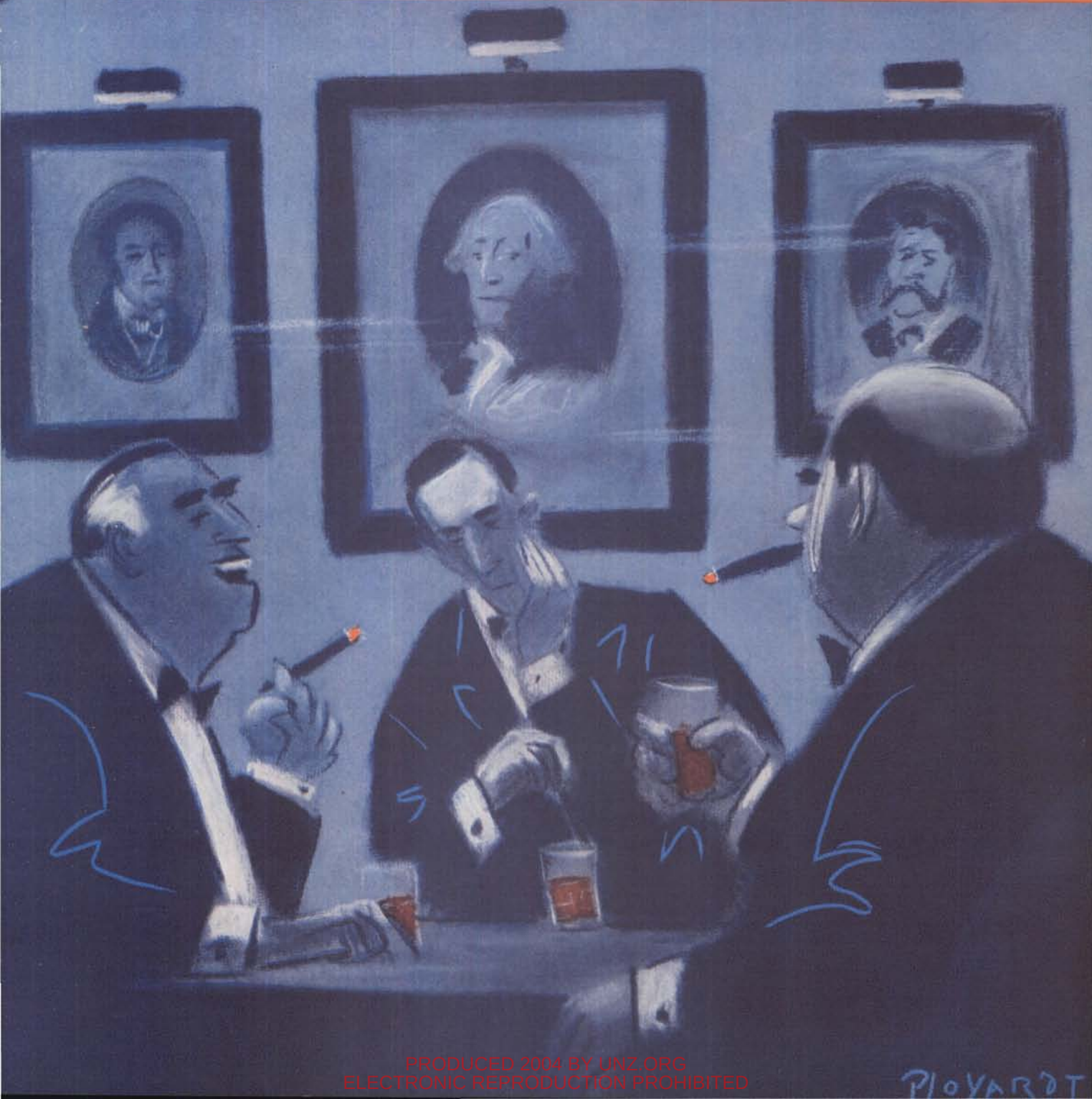
The Reporter

OUR FOUNDING UNCLES — and their descendants



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The Call of the Hoosier Republican

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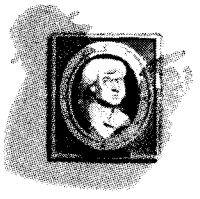
The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

January 17, 1950 Volume 2, No. 2

Our Founding Uncles



The Game of Politics	— *Max Ascoli*	Page 2
Our Founding Uncles	—*Gerald W. Johnson*	4
Roybal Rouses the Ninth	—*Richard A Donovan*	7
Dixiecrat Boss of the Bayous	—*Hodding Carter*	10
Ex-'Mayor of the Poor'	—*William V. Shannon*	12

Here and Abroad

To Man's Measure . . . Migratory birds and migratory corpses	—*G. P.*	15
A Real or Phony Recovery? Italy's present upswing may end abruptly in 1952	—*Claire Neikind*	16
European Integration—a Dissenting View A plea for the integrity of small nations	—*George Soloveytchik*	19
Task-Force Against T.B. A U.N. agency's war on tuberculosis	—*Edward P. Morgan*	21
Red Defenses in Asia How Stalin is fortifying his eastern back yard	—*Henry R. Lieberman*	24
'Pilikia' in Paradise Hawaiian labor and capital square off	—*Lyman Jones*	26
Power Anonymous Who is in charge—men or machines?	*Roger Burlingame*	29
Dust Is An Ugly Word The San Joaquin Valley's battle with erosion	*Gordon Pates*	31
'You Own Your Own Mine' The problems of a miners' co-operative	—*Richard Lewis*	34

Books

Magic and Confusion in the Law A review of Jerome Frank's *Courts on Trial*	—*Eugene V. Rostow*	37

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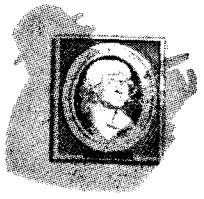
Editorial

The Game of Politics



Between the game of politics as it is played here and the several foreign varieties there is as great a difference as between American football and what people abroad call by the same name. About football there is no danger of misunderstanding: Even a child knows that rugby or soccer has little in common with our home-grown football. But unfortunately, many an adult, sometimes high in the government, is likely to think that, after all, politics is politics—about the same everywhere.

A great soldier, General Patton, probably meant this when he blurted out that the difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis was the same as between Republicans and Democrats. At Yalta and Teheran, politically astute Americans believed that they had found the key to the understanding of Josef Stalin: He was, they thought, just a Big Boss—an oversized Muscovite version of the bosses from the Bronx, Cook County, and Jersey City, with whom they were accustomed to do business in the Presidential conventions.

At present, American interests are at stake in the political games played in every non-Communist country. Yet the American people, their government, and their representatives in foreign fields still find it quite difficult to figure out the rules of the various games and to learn how to keep score.

Most frequently, Americans abroad are assigned the very delicate duties of coaches or referees. Sometimes they wander around the foreign fields, forlornly blowing their whistles. The friendly foreigners don't know what to make of it, and the Communists yell that, without question, these are the bugles of American warmongers.

Our Unexportable Politics

Our political parties are the least expensive in the world. During the last Presidential campaign, the Democrats spent $1,674,193, and the Republicans $2,007,287. There is no way of figuring the cost of the 1948 elections in Italy, but certainly it was several times what the American people paid the same year, which is astonishing, given the poverty of that war-wrecked country. Fortunately for the Italians, at least part of the expense was paid directly in dollars and rubles. Generally, the cost of politics is in inverse proportion to the wealth of a country. We are the richest of all countries and our politicians know how to run their business on a shoestring.

Most of our politicians work at politics on a strictly part-time basis. If their party is in power, they may be officeholders; if it is out of power, they manage as well as they can at their particular trades, in the insurance, undertaking, or cigar-store businesses. For a few months before a Presidential election, political headquarters are formidable places. As soon as the election is over, the politicians' desks, chairs, and typewriters glut the second-hand market.

Abroad, and particularly in continental Europe, the political parties that count work on a full-time basis and give permanent employment to a host of people. This, of course, is especially true of the Communists, who work twenty-four hours a day while their opponents struggle along for eight or twelve, if they work hard.

Abroad, the real boss of a party is its Secretary-General, or National Chairman, as we would call him here. Stalin stepped from that position into Lenin's heritage. Over here, for a long time, the National Chairman of the successful party became the nation's postman. But even this tradition was broken when Mr. Truman appointed Mr. Donaldson, a professional postman, to the job.

Over here, victory goes to the party that has the best machine. But seldom, if ever, does it happen that the caretaker of the machine, or, as he may be called, the mechanic in charge, is in the driver's seat. The relationship between the mechanic and the driver can perhaps be no better illustrated than by the case of Jim Farley and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Farley, probably one of the best mechanics who ever took care of a national machine, could never quite make out where Roosevelt was driving. To him, both the direction and the speed were sheer recklessness that at any moment could wreck the engine. Farley became increasingly morose and disgruntled, until the unfortunate idea came to his mind that at some time he himself could become the driver.

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Our greatest national leaders have been political operators, supremely skillful in the use of all the politician's tools, barring none. They had at times flashes of vision, but they always managed to translate their vision into terms of political expediency. They never lost the homey touch in dealing with human beings, nor did they ever pretend, like the totalitarian dictators, to be the embodiment of transcendental principles. Neither did they at all times speak for history, as Churchill does. Normally, they speak with great adroitness the doubletalk of the politicians. Only a few of Lincoln's speeches have survived; perhaps fewer still will remain of the thousands that Roosevelt made. Our greatest leaders know how to be politicians on weekdays and statesmen on Sundays.

The Communist Threat

But, of course, different as our politics is from that of any other nation, we have a Communist Party that acts in exactly the same manner that the Communist Party does everywhere. During the last election, Mr. Stassen advocated outlawing the Communist Party, and Mr. Dewey, taking a stand in line with orthodox liberal tradition, opposed him vigorously. Mr. Dewey was right, for only a morbid and disordered imagination could see in the American Communist Party, as it is now, a threat to our institutions.

But are the retired Communists as harmless as those on active service? Some of them undoubtedly are—earnest men and women who, having tried the bitter experience of the Communist yoke, revert to a sane life and become normal, useful citizens. Yet, there are other former Communists around who never get tired of repenting, confessing, and accusing. Having plotted to dispossess us yesterday, they become fervidly attached to our possessions; having planned to deprive us of our freedoms, they appoint themselves our bodyguards. It is disturbing to think that the Communist Party of today is the reservoir of the professional former Communists of tomorrow.

The Reservoirs

The New York papers have been warning us every morning that the three main reservoirs for New York—Croton, Schoharie, and Esopus—are getting dangerously low. The water situation all over the nation is precarious, some newspapers say, and we need a thorough survey to assess the country's water supply and the use we make of it. Alarmed warnings have been coming for a long time from California and Arizona. The widespread use of air-conditioning, it is said, is a great drain on our water patrimony.

In our kind of society, water no longer comes from a well in the middle of the yard. There is a faucet at everybody's disposal. The reckless use of a few thousand faucets can imperil New York. We should know that we have nobody but ourselves to blame if some day we feel thirsty and unclean.

What may happen to our freedoms is not much different. We are so accustomed to taking them for granted, and to depending on them, that the thought seldom occurs to us that some day, unless we use them carefully, they may dry up. All the resources that both nature and human skill have put at our disposal can be depleted if we consume them recklessly. Sometimes this kind of recklessness can be deliberately organized. Modern society is sustained by physical and moral resources to which all men have direct access and on which they wholly depend. No better symbol can be found than the water shortage in New York.

From The Reporter's Notebook

It has been said now by any number of people—statesmen, commentators, and a high-pressure, beribboned foreign visitor. Sooner or later the Germans have got to be rearmed. Somebody has added sensibly that since there is no European army in which the Germans can be enlisted, German generals will have to lead the German Army. When will the next step come? For, of course, it is silly to send Germany arms and munitions from the United States or England when there are so many idle factories and so many idle skilled workers in Germany. When are we going to hear that the Germans ought to manufacture their own weapons?

The American press has awakened to the fact that, if not Nazism, former unrepentant Nazis are on the rampage, getting back their old positions of power. We have to be alert to this situation, for we still have some tools in our hands to repair it. But what about Italy? Unrepentant former Fascists are back at their old positions as newspaper editors, educators, civil servants, and diplomats. Some of them are so impudent as to consider that the test of a good man is whether he is a good Fascist. However, to some extent, these people have changed: They have transferred to the United States the loyalty that they once gave to Nazi Germany. They say that they are our friends, and so do their German brethren. There too, of course, something can be done.

—Max Ascoli

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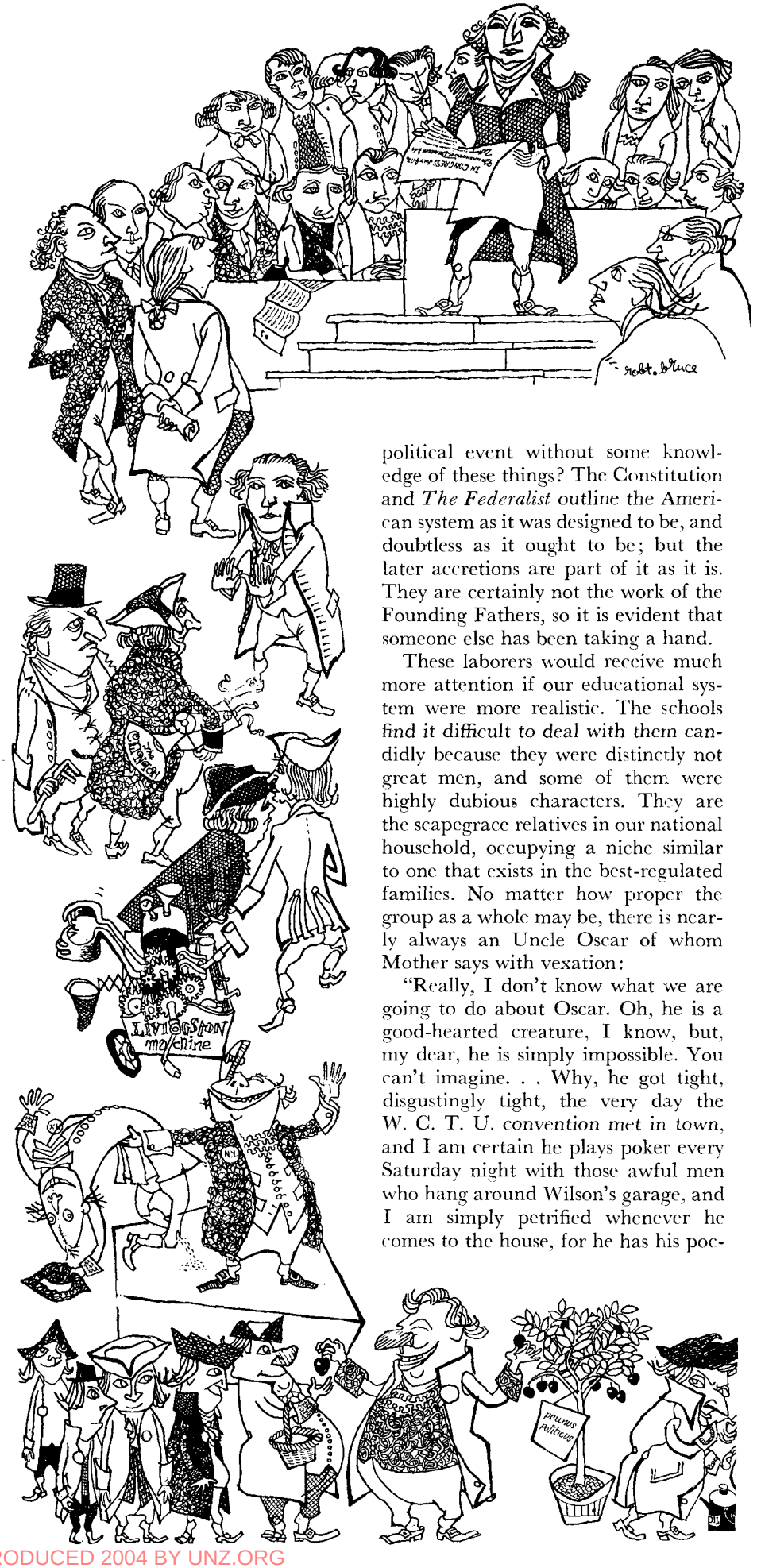
Our Founding Uncles



It is accepted as a truism that to understand the United States government at all one must have some idea of what the Founding Fathers thought. The Founding Fathers are usually regarded as the fifty-five men who wrote the Constitution, plus two or three other leaders, such as John Adams, who was in England, and Thomas Jefferson, who was in France, at the time.

The standard commentary on the Constitution is *The Federalist*, a book written by Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, with some assistance from John Jay. No better explanation of what the organic law really means has ever been made, and it is doubtful that a better one can be made. It is standard practice in American schools to have pupils study the Constitution as interpreted in *The Federalist*.

Nevertheless, the brightest pupil in the best school in the country could study the Constitution and *The Federalist* until he could recite both from memory without ever learning how Harry S. Truman came to be President of the United States. Only the last step is explained: Mr. Truman, as Vice-President, succeeded to the office on the death of President Roosevelt. But he became Vice-President as the result of a compromise after a hard fight in the national convention of the Democratic Party. Neither the Constitution nor *The Federalist* mentions the Democratic Party or a national convention. Parties and party conventions were unknown to the Founding Fathers. So were campaign committees, primaries, precinct leaders, political machines, logrolling, gerrymandering, buncombe, build-ups, and smears.

Still, is it imaginable that anyone could really understand an American political event without some knowledge of these things? The Constitution and *The Federalist* outline the American system as it was designed to be, and doubtless as it ought to be; but the later accretions are part of it as it is. They are certainly not the work of the Founding Fathers, so it is evident that someone else has been taking a hand.

These laborers would receive much more attention if our educational system were more realistic. The schools find it difficult to deal with them candidly because they were distinctly not great men, and some of them were highly dubious characters. They are the scapegrace relatives in our national household, occupying a niche similar to one that exists in the best-regulated families. No matter how proper the group as a whole may be, there is nearly always an Uncle Oscar of whom Mother says with vexation:

"Really, I don't know what we are going to do about Oscar. Oh, he is a good-hearted creature, I know, but, my dear, he is simply impossible. You can't imagine. . . Why, he got tight, disgustingly tight, the very day the W. C. T. U. convention met in town, and I am certain he plays poker every Saturday night with those awful men who hang around Wilson's garage, and I am simply petrified whenever he comes to the house, for he has his poc-

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kets stuffed with dreadful candy that simply ruins the children's digestion, and the worst of it is the children simply adore him!"

In the national household nobody seems to adore the political Uncle Oscar. It is the fashion to assume as a matter of course that the man who introduced the spoils system had only a pernicious effect upon the nation, that the man who first employed the technique of logrolling was an unqualified reprobate, that the inventors of most of the gadgets by which our political system is made to work were low fellows who, if they are mentioned at all, should be mentioned with deprecation.

Yet the bald truth is that these Founding Uncles were among the heartiest fellows our political system has produced—not so austerely correct nor so high-minded as the Founding Fathers, but a great deal closer to the common people, and with a much keener understanding of how the common people feel and think. Nor is it by any means certain that their work has been so ruinous. Washingtonian Federalism and Jeffersonian democracy set terrifically high standards of political conduct. We never have come up to them, and it is conceivable that sustained, unremitting effort to do so might have been as disastrous as a comparable effort is traditionally supposed to be for the minister's son. The Founding Uncles let us descend to a level where the air is less rarefied.

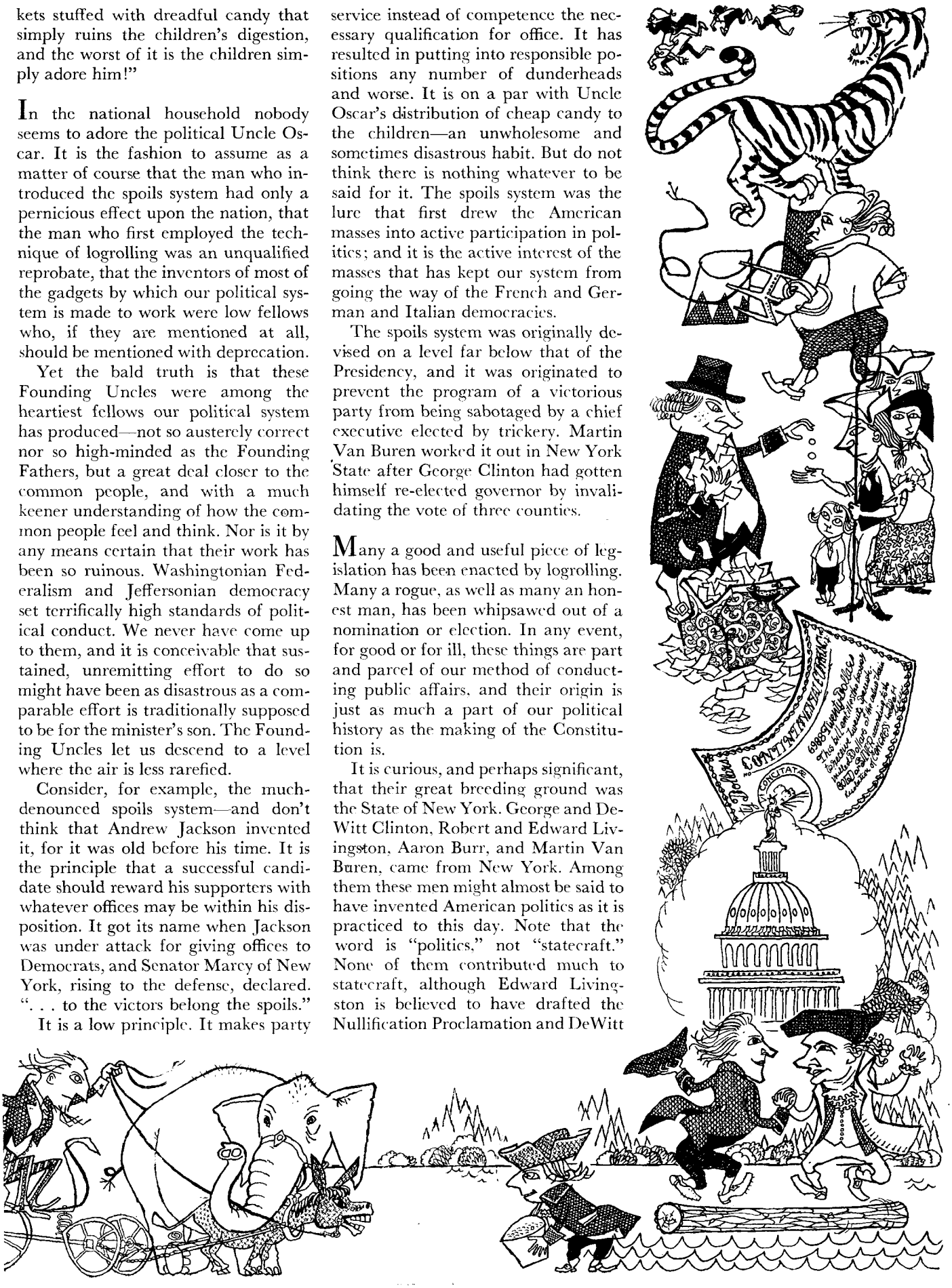
Consider, for example, the much-denounced spoils system—and don't think that Andrew Jackson invented it, for it was old before his time. It is the principle that a successful candidate should reward his supporters with whatever offices may be within his disposition. It got its name when Jackson was under attack for giving offices to Democrats, and Senator Marcy of New York, rising to the defense, declared. ". . . to the victors belong the spoils."

It is a low principle. It makes party service instead of competence the necessary qualification for office. It has resulted in putting into responsible positions any number of dunderheads and worse. It is on a par with Uncle Oscar's distribution of cheap candy to the children—an unwholesome and sometimes disastrous habit. But do not think there is nothing whatever to be said for it. The spoils system was the lure that first drew the American masses into active participation in politics; and it is the active interest of the masses that has kept our system from going the way of the French and German and Italian democracies.

The spoils system was originally devised on a level far below that of the Presidency, and it was originated to prevent the program of a victorious party from being sabotaged by a chief executive elected by trickery. Martin Van Buren worked it out in New York State after George Clinton had gotten himself re-elected governor by invalidating the vote of three counties.

Many a good and useful piece of legislation has been enacted by logrolling. Many a rogue, as well as many an honest man, has been whipsawed out of a nomination or election. In any event, for good or for ill, these things are part and parcel of our method of conducting public affairs, and their origin is just as much a part of our political history as the making of the Constitution is.

It is curious, and perhaps significant, that their great breeding ground was the State of New York. George and DeWitt Clinton, Robert and Edward Livingston, Aaron Burr, and Martin Van Buren, came from New York. Among them these men might almost be said to have invented American politics as it is practiced to this day. Note that the word is "politics," not "statecraft." None of them contributed much to statecraft, although Edward Livingston is believed to have drafted the Nullification Proclamation and DeWitt



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Clinton was a powerful advocate of public works.

But there is hardly a device used by modern politicians to win elections that was not known to these six, and a great many of the techniques were devised, or perfected, by them. The first recognizable political machine, for example, seems to have been the one constructed by George Clinton, which was swiftly imitated by the Livingstons. The first effective pressure group was the Tammany Society, forged into an effective weapon by Aaron Burr. The spoils system has already been mentioned as a device of Van Buren. Logrolling had been developed into a fine art by all of them in the New York legislature before it became common practice in Washington. This device, to be sure, was not invented by any of them, but by two of the most eminent of the Founding Fathers, Hamilton and Jefferson. Hamilton offered to persuade his friends to vote for Jefferson's scheme of putting the capital on the Potomac if Jefferson would persuade his friends to vote for Hamilton's scheme for the government's assumption of state debts.

What was the actual effect of this bit of dubious political practice? Jefferson yelped when he discovered that his vote had helped a lot of rogues get rich by speculating in the Continental scrip, and swore that Hamilton had trapped him into a dreadful thing.

Yet the amount that the sharpshooters snatched was not very important, while the principle of Federal responsibility for the national debt is immensely so. It started us on the way to becoming a nation.

Nor did the other end of the deal have bad results. At the time the site of Washington was not far from the national center of population. In 1790 Virginia and the two Carolinas had one-third of all the people in the country; add Maryland and Georgia and the proportion rises almost to one-half. So the site was certainly logical.

The important thing, though, was that the capital was located in a city built especially to receive it, a brand-new center free from all local politics. In this city, set in the wilderness, it was impossible for Congress to be dominated by local mobs, as the French National Convention had been.

The flat truth is that while Messrs. Jefferson and Hamilton engaged in a questionable practice, the results were, on the whole, salutary.

It does not follow that logrolling is morally defensible. It is not. But there is no question that this country, with an exasperating disregard for precepts and maxims, has not infrequently drawn sustenance and health from practices of the Founding Uncles that no right-minded person can approve.

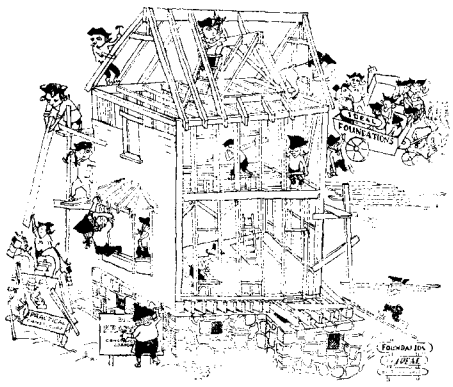
This is mostly true because these lads were past masters in the art of breaking a log jam, and the great defect of our system of checks and balances is that it so often occasions log jams. Men of principle frequently find themselves in a situation where they cannot compromise, and when nobody can compromise, democratic government breaks down. Then it is convenient indeed to have on hand some unprincipled fellow who would compromise his grandmother's reputation if enough were to be gained by so doing. The fact that he quite customarily turns his skill to his own advantage does not alter the fact that he sets the wheels turning again; and nothing else is as dangerous to democracy as having its wheels locked.

It is the more regrettable that historians have been so sniffish about the Founding Uncles because at this moment we are facing a situation in some ways comparable to the one in which the first and ablest group of them developed. It was not by blind chance that so many arose in the State of New York, for New York was the first American commonwealth to develop a really polyglot population. To be successful leaders the politicians of New York had to do a great deal of readjusting of their own ideas; and in doing so they developed an unusual degree of suppleness.

The tide of immigration spread over most of the country, and as it did so the value of the New Yorkers' adaptability became apparent beyond the borders of New York State. What the Clintons, the Livingstons, Burr, and Van Buren had devised, or perfected, eventually became standard practice in Illinois and California, as well as in New York. The Founding Uncles taught the nieces and nephews how to get along in the world without living up to, or formally repudiating, the austere ideals the Founding Fathers had set for them. They instructed us in the therapeutic value of certain poisons. Hypocrisy, for example, in extremely dilute solutions is mere politeness; poltroonery in the proportion of one to a million parts is prudence; pliancy reduced to a chemical trace becomes reasonableness. They may act on the body politic as strychnine and nitroglycerine in minute quantities may act upon the heart—as stimulants, not destroyers.

Skill in this admittedly dubious branch of learning is peculiarly desirable at this moment because we are facing conditions basically similar to those that the Founding Uncles faced when they developed their questionable art. The war's aftermath has thrust this country into a position of world dominance that it neither planned nor desired, but that it cannot escape. We are having to deal with Roumanians, Iranians, and Koreans, not in New York, where we have physical control, but in their own countries, where our influence, to be lasting, must be based on persuasion, not upon force. We are having to deal with all manner of men to whom the ideas of the Founding Fathers are completely alien and, being alien, repellent. Our experience has taught us that those ideas are nevertheless sound and wholesome. Since we cannot impose them by force, how shall we introduce them?

Why not make them known by the same means through which we introduced them to large segments of our own population, to wit, by the art of politics? It may scandalize the pure in heart to suggest that in this crisis a Burr might be more useful than a Jefferson, and that a Van Buren might accomplish more than a Washington; but is it any more scandalous than to suggest that when the automobile breaks down a good mechanic



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is more useful than a platoon of physicists?

At present there is a disposition, particularly among liberals, to assume that any slightest departure on the part of our negotiators from the purest form of democratic dogma is inexcusable. Well, it isn't—not necessarily. A quarter of a century ago we tried the policy of strict adherence to the faith, and what it got us was a second world war worse than the first one. Woodrow Wilson was repudiated by the liberals because he made concessions enough to get the League of Nations accepted by Europe; and when the liberals deserted, the isolationists gained the strength to kill the whole business.

We can easily repeat that mistake. Indeed, there is a temptation to repeat it when Britain turns surly over a reasonable, and even generous, settlement of its war debt, and when Russia puts a vicious construction on what we mean, and believe, to be quite friendly utterances. What will save us from repeating the mistake is to adopt the cynical spirit of the Founding Uncles, who cared not a whit what principles a man held as long as he voted right.

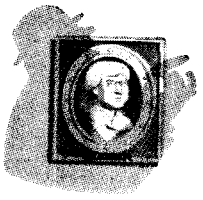
It is incontestably true that this is a dangerous policy for any nation to pursue. It may lead us into forgetfulness of what the Founding Fathers did, and eventually into repudiation of their ideals, to our own ruin and that of the world. But at this moment any policy is a dangerous policy. It is a dangerous world, bristling with perils, no matter which way we may turn. But this policy, dangerous as it is, has worked.

One of our difficulties, possibly the chief one, is the fact that we have very little appreciation of what the Founding Uncles really did—that is, the good part of their work. Their rascality has been pointed out to us as endlessly as the undesirable qualities of Uncle Oscar are pointed out to the children. But their resourcefulness, their ingenuity, their skill as psychologists, their great resolution in pursuing their ends through and over and around innumerable obstacles, have passed for the most part unnoticed. Perhaps this is a credit to the character of the American people, but it is not so certain that it is a credit to their intelligence; for the Founding Uncles, after all, were hearty fellows, and they taught us a great deal about facing the world as it is.

—GERALD W. JOHNSON

Roybal Rouses the Ninth

A Los Angeles Mexican-American district learns how to make its political voice heard



Shortly after his election to the post of City Councilman for Los Angeles's Ninth District last May, Edward R. Roybal, a handsome, hard-driving, thirty-three-year-old veteran, of Mexican stock, caused that city's Downtown Businessmen's Association considerable anxiety by putting up a stiff fight in the council for the passage of fair employment legislation. Although the measure lost, eight to six, certain influential people remained permanently embittered by Roybal's attitude. "This used to be a white man's town!" one of them complained. "It was a wonderful place until the foreigners moved in!"

Though such remarks were hardly accurate, historically speaking, everyone who heard them understood what was meant. Roybal, an unknown fusion candidate from one of the most politically apathetic communities in California, had had the temerity to beat the incumbent Democratic councilman and a clutch of Republicans in the last election. For the first time in sixty-eight years, some one-sixth of the approximately three hundred thousand Spanish-Americans in Los Angeles had sent one of their own people to the city's legislative body. Worst of all, from his opponents' viewpoint, Roybal had been elected not because of a one-shot emotional appeal to a temporarily aroused minority, but because he had understood, and used, the slings and arrows of practical U. S. precinct politics better than any combination of his opponents.

Roybal's success in turning out the Mexican-American ballot in the Ninth District could hardly have been foreseen by any of Los Angeles's regular politicians. For generations, the huge Mexican-American population of the city, which is the second largest Mexican metropolis in the world, had been politically impotent.

Los Angeles's ex-Mexicans had been promised so much so often and had received so little so consistently that they had come to look upon the local campaigns as a kind of Gringo minstrel show, in which they were expected to play the end men. Their political ignorance was carefully nurtured by the regular politicians for almost a century. Their fear of the polling booth is hard to understand—unless one lives in the Ninth District. There, everyone understands. At least one-third of Los Angeles's Mexican immigrants are not citizens. Hence, it has not only been unlawful for them to vote; they have studiously avoided the registrars for fear it would be discovered that they were aliens, and subject to deportation. From 1900, when the mass influx began, until it dwindled away in 1924, they were kept on the move through California and the West as itinerant workers. Few of them ever stopped anywhere long enough to be able to prove five years' continuous residence in the United States. Those who eventually settled in Los Angeles decided it was far better to stay quiet, and powerless, than to be bundled out of the country altogether.

This is the background of the resistance into which Roybal ran this year. Fortunately, he was prepared. The 1949 campaign was Roybal's second time around; he had run for councilman in 1947 and been soundly trounced by an eighty-three-year-old Democrat named Parley P. Christensen, who had held the job for eight years. The 1947 campaign had taught

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Roybal a great deal about the rough-and-tumble of precinct politicking. It had also given the poor and polyglot Ninth a good, long look at the earnest young man who wanted to lead it out of nowhere.

Roybal was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, one of eight children of a cabinetmaker who brought his family to Los Angeles in 1920. At the local public schools Roybal attended, the teachers said: "The American children will line up on this side of the room, and the Mexican children on that." A hustler and an excellent student, Roybal had a bewildering variety of jobs during high school. He is a veteran of the CCC camps. At the University of California at Los Angeles, he waited on table and pressed pants. After school, with a degree in accounting, he weathered determined employer resistance, ran through a series of minor jobs, and ended as a consultant on community organization for the California Tuberculosis Association. This job took him to the "Hoovervilles" of California, and taught him how to get joint action out of people who did not know what to do for themselves.

Back in Los Angeles with a wife, two children, and a job with the Los Angeles branch of the Tuberculosis Association, Roybal began doing social work in all of the city's poorer sections. The job he did in the Ninth is still the basis of his popularity there. As he moved from neighborhood to neighborhood, he could not help estimating political potentials. The stolid backwardness of the Ninth set him thinking of a term paper he had written in college. It was a study of the ways and means of applying the principles of community organization to politics—a battle-plan based on the idea that community service, given in advance, would produce votes in neighborhoods immune to promises of services to come. Convinced he had a sound, new idea, Roybal offered it to the Latin American Division of Los Angeles's Democratic Party. He was turned down. After rewriting the plan, he offered it to the Los Angeles Democratic Committee (Roybal is a Democrat). "Sheer idealism," was the committee's verdict. Shortly thereafter Roybal vanished into the finance section of the U. S. Army.

Out of the service in 1945, Roybal was startled by a proposal from the Latin American Democrats that he run for the city council. His first answer was no. Then he thought of his service-first plan, changed his mind, organized a committee of youngsters from his own neighborhood, and set out to beat the system with theory, high moral purpose, and amateur action. His basic assumption—that the Mexican-American population of the Ninth would turn out for him on a racial basis, and would be followed by the other racial minorities—proved spectacularly wrong. Christensen, the incumbent, who was also a Democrat, beat him by six thousand votes. (In Los Angeles, candidates may register as to party affiliation, but they run on a nonpartisan basis in order, theoretically, at least, to combat the influence of machine politics.)

Councilman Roybal and wife

Still, the campaign had not been wasted. Roybal had thought about his service plan, but had not put it into action. So the voters had treated him as they would any other idealistic young politician. He had been lax about house-to-house canvassing. To remedy these, and other, faults, Roybal promptly forged his campaign organization into a social instrument which he called the Community Service Organization. With it, he began an intensive job of community education. The first fruits were yawns: The ex-Mexicans had only to look about them at the shack towns, unpaved streets, disintegrating sewers, missing sidewalks, traffic signals, and playgrounds, and the hundreds of housing, health, and education needs to see what past promises had produced. But gradually, as his Community Service Organization began to produce local benefits, people started to listen. Roybal drove home one point: Votes alone talk! More votes, more benefits! Block committees expanded the point.

Now, Roybal had an organization — and with it a delicate problem. The CSO was a service outfit, not a little Tammany. Its interests transcended campaigns, yet none of its gains could be made permanent unless its beneficiaries backed it with votes. When the time came, the CSO would, in effect, be Roybal's district organization — it would get out the vote for him. Yet, it must not have a political stigma. If it worked for him, it must be on a volunteer basis.

Roybal organized a separate campaign committee, enlisted one of the ablest managers in Southern California, ex-newspaperman Roger Johnson, who worked without pay, and began his hunt for campaign contributions. Here one of the practical techniques of precinct politics came in: He made it very clear to his constituents that his campaign funds were coming in small amounts from little people—not in lump sums from businessmen.

The Ninth District includes the wealthy central business section, the home of Sound Values. It also includes large blocs of the city's minority populations—the more-people-than-property neighborhoods, where men outnumber material possessions in sensational degree. For good measure, it has several large, middle-income, Anglo-American communities, which have long outweighed the nonvoting poorer sections on the political scales. The trick, Roybal saw, was to outvote this bloc, thus frustrating the property-before-people forces that work, but do not vote, in the Ninth District.

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Roybal looked over the old registration lists, found that only four thousand of the twenty-five thousand eligible voters in the district had registered for the 1947 election, and that there were only four deputy registrars in the Ninth. This was the first point of attack. He sent CSO workers out in search of registrars. Within thirty days, fifty had been sworn in. Then he sent the registrars, assisted by CSO volunteers, on a house-to-house voter roundup. Doors were banged in their faces, men and women hid in closets when they announced themselves, others laughed at their naivete in presuming that the Ninth could ever change. Roybal replied by doubling his get-out-the-vote drive.

Teams of workers spelled each other at telephones to urge prospects to register; other teams bombarded them with letters; others plastered Roybal posters over those of his opponent (another precinct technique). At rallies, Roybal hammered at his central theme, community service, by pointing out that the CSO, even without votes to back it, had gotten new traffic signals, sidewalks, and paving for the neighborhood, made juvenile-delinquency studies, helped send children to summer camps, investigated police injustices, school and housing segregation and discrimination, and put on health drives. Then he put a question: "Do you want more of the same? Or do you want to be voted out of it again?"

Two other Spanish-Americans in the Ninth had been talked into running by his opponents, to split the vote. Roybal talked them out of it. He reached outside the Ninth for help, and got Catholic and CIO backing: Steelworkers' locals sent sound trucks and canvassers, and also made the largest donations to his campaign. He did not exploit the pent-up anti-Yankee feeling in the Ninth because he did not have to. It was working for him night and day. Meanwhile his opponents took Mexican-American apathy for granted.

By last January, when the intensive campaigning began, the Roybal forces had registered the unheard-of number of fifteen thousand Mexican-American voters. By primary election day on April 1, the total reached seventeen thousand and Roybal's opponents were worried into frantic action. But it was already too late. Democrat Roybal ran first in all but the Negro section of the Ninth. Democrat Christensen ran second and; under California law, became Roybal's opponent in the final election on May 31.

Instead of coasting on his majority, Roybal studied his primary defeat in the Negro district and found it had been caused by sending Mexican-American instead of Negro workers to campaign for him. He quickly remedied this error. He avoided pre-election commitments with downtown groups, which now wanted to deal with him, and depended instead on the CSO, which had turned into one of the most formidable political weapons in the history of Los Angeles—of its own volition and not at Roybal's command.

The day before the election, the Ninth was flooded with cards bearing the pictures of a Mexican in Charro costume, and warning that Roybal was a Communist in disguise. Roybal's telephone brigade quickly quashed this attack.

The opposition's appeal to prejudice was a weapon that had been pretty well held in check during most of the campaign. There had been constant whispers, but in the closing hours they rose to a shout. These tactics were more instructive than anything Roybal could have told his constituents. He made hourly phone calls to laggard voters until the polls closed at seven p.m. Next morning, they read his final plurality in the papers. It was 8,566.

Of the 20,581 votes for Roybal, some fifteen thousand had come from the Ninth's Mexican-American population. In percentage terms, over two thirds of those eligible had used their franchise. The news of the uprising got around Los Angeles very quickly. The *Daily News*, the only paper to support Roybal, editorialized: ". . . a gulf . . . caused by language, by custom, by educational and economic factors . . . has separated the Mexican-American citizens from the rest of the community. But a start toward bridging it at its most strategic point has been made." Most of Los Angeles took the news with the same grace. But, as was expected, the "This is a white man's town" contingent still held out.

The epilogue to the story concerns the hard-right side of the Ninth's split personality—the business core of the city. It remained businesslike. Days after Roybal took office, seven different men of affairs dropped in and offered to make up his $1,200 campaign deficit (Roybal's total campaign costs were $5,500, a record low.) They asked nothing—just that he keep his door open. Roybal replied that his door was always open, to everyone. After that, the influential callers stayed away, except when rent control or FEPC legislation was before the council. FEPC brought dozens of callers. It also solidified downtown opinion on Mr. Roybal. He had not been in office a month before the statement of one civic leader got back to him. It was this: "If Roybal runs again on that unification of minorities claptrap, we'll hang him with it. We'll buy ourselves a Negro, a Mexican, and a Japanese for a thousand bucks each, and we'll run them all. We'll split that vote so wide Gerald L. K. Smith could get through!"

In the months since this facet of his opponent's future strategy was revealed to him, Councilman Roybal has had little time to think it over, but it doesn't worry him. Vote-splitting and many other backhanded techniques of precinct political warfare had been used to no effect during the final days of his campaign. The community-service program is going forward with new force. The other minorities have taken a tentative step across the tracks that have separated them from the rest of the town for so long. The bitter infighting of the campaign might not have been pretty for the citizens of the Ninth to watch. But it had involved them, willy-nilly, swept away their apathy, hauled them out of habitual resignation. Best of all, it had given them a first-hand education in the hard-slugging, free-style tactics of American precinct politics.—RICHARD A. DONOVAN

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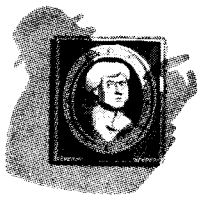
Dixiecrat Boss of the Bayous

After 'making good' in Louisiana, Leander Perez travels to Washington—but he may turn out to be too small a king fish for so large a pond



That lump on the head dealt out to the States' Righters by the voters in 1948 is disappearing rapidly under applications of soothing-salve. One of the chief ministrants—James Byrnes—is dosing the movement with statesmanship. He is giving it a somewhat sobering reorientation and a greater national stature than it had in the summer before its unsuccessful trip to the polls. The other principal doctor on the case, Leander Perez, head of the States' Righters' new Washington bureau, is supposed to administer "practical politics."

Perez ought to know how. Fifty-eight-year-old boss and veteran District Attorney of the Twenty-fifth Judicial District of Louisiana, he was once an indispensable hatchet man for Huey Long. Shrewd, arrogant Judge Perez—he was a district judge for five years before becoming a district attorney in 1924—holds absolute sway over an incredibly fertile and still undeveloped region where there is less self-government and political independence than anywhere else in the United States.

In its cynical negation of the pronounced States' Rights objectives, his presence as the movement's national interpreter is unique in the annals of political ineptness—unless, of course, they've put Leander up there to teach the boys a thing or two about handling the voters.

Plaquemines and St. Bernard—the two parishes he serves as district attorney—are located between New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. This lush, alluvial country is one of the richest areas in the world. It abounds in oil, gas, and sulphur, in trapping and hunting areas. In its coastal waters thrive oysters, shrimp, and fish. Its climate is such that three truck crops can be produced a year. Of Plaquemines it is said that it is so easy to make a living there that no one does. From this generality may be excluded the prosperous Perez, a few associates, and the large industries built upon the district's natural resources.

The people of this potential Eden-beside-the-Gulf are colorfully diverse in origin. Here live Yugoslav fishermen, Italian and German truck farmers, Cajun trappers—descendants of Spanish and French settlers—and Negroes. No Negroes are on the voting lists. For all practical purposes, the other groups needn't be.

Perez's reign over Plaquemines Parish, which comprises half of this kingdom, is absolute. Over St. Bernard, the other half, he shares control with Sheriff "Dutch" Rowley, who is boss of the thriving gambling industry that makes wide-open St. Bernard a nightly mecca of chance-minded Orleanians and tourists. In these two parishes all that the Perez lieutenants need to know is the majority required. In local elections it goes without saying that the majority will be a hundred to one. In district, regional, or state elections, Leander's majorities are very important because of their calculated one-sidedness and their size. The votes cast in the Perez parishes often exceed their total populations.

Such majorities are not hard to obtain. No one in Perez's district signs a poll book or any other record when he appears to vote, so it is not difficult for an ardent Perezist to help the cause along by multiple balloting, and by marking ballots for citizens who do not turn up. During the most recent registration period, the parish registrar refused to maintain an office in the Plaquemines courthouse at Pointe a la Hache. Instead, he carried the poll books around the parish, and Perez opponents—there are some such hardy spirits—complain that the registrar passed by their houses and thus denied them the right to qualify. Some have sought Federal intervention on the grounds that their civil liberties had been violated. Their cases are still before the United States Attorney General. Federal authorities in the Eastern Louisiana District say that it is up to Washington and not themselves to investigate these complaints.

Leander does not like interference from Washington. He has been a States' Righter since the birth of the party. It is doubtless coincidental that he is an Associate Counsel for the State of Louisiana in the tidelands oil dispute, and a longtime attorney for oil companies and sulphur industries. But he denies ownership or interest in dummy oil firms set up to obtain leases of state lands, and will tell you with pride that he is a States' Righter by democratic conviction. Amusingly enough, he denounced the Administration for "leaning closer and closer to a Federal police system." He aided in the astounding attempt of the state Central Democratic Committee to remove Truman's name from the state ballot. Later, Governor Long called a special session of the legislature to change the election laws so as to permit Truman and Barkley to remain on the ballot, but they were denied the use of the rooster symbol, traditional label of the Democratic Party in Louisiana. Perez denounced persons who sat on the platform with Barkley in New Orleans at a campaign rally as endorsers of

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"Truman's civil-rights program, including his adoption of Joe Stalin's all-races law, called here the FEPC."

"The States' Rights Party was organized to fight for constitutional government and home rule," says the boss of a Louisiana judicial district which is consecrated to neither of these vital adjuncts to democracy. "If we don't try to make the American people conscious of their rights to run their own governments, national and local, we will have the regimented state in Washington as they had in Berlin and now have in Moscow. Roosevelt tried to destroy the states and wanted to divide the nation into districts corresponding to military areas."

Of the Federal government's interest in tideland oil reserves, Perez says:

"The states did not give up their property rights by joining the union. I told the House committee that what went on in the Teapot Dome scandals wouldn't be a thing to what would take place if the Federal government took over the tidelands."

Wide World

Leander Perez

There are those in Plaquemines and St. Bernard parishes, and elsewhere in Louisiana, who laugh hollowly at Leander's dedication to constitutional government and home rule, and his concern over possible governmental oil scandals. But since they may be prejudiced, a glance at newspaper files is perhaps a more effective way of learning something of what goes on in Leander's kingdom. Here is a digest of some of the events which have recently brought him interesting publicity—including a full-scale, no-holds-barred profile in *Colliers:*

January 31, 1940. Impeachment proceedings were filed against Perez by twenty-six residents of St. Bernard parish, charging "incompetence and favoritism" in the investigation of the fatal shooting of a woman shrimp picker during labor trouble at a packing plant in Violet, Louisiana. The petitioners charged that at least one of the killers was a Perez henchman who had been given a permit to carry a pistol. Witnesses identified the henchman as one of the group that rode past the packing plant firing from an automobile when the woman was killed. The state supreme court replaced Perez as prosecutor in the case, and a new grand jury was selected, but no indictments were ever obtained. The foreman of the new grand jury was J. Ben Meyer, a follower of reform governor Sam Jones and a weekly newspaper editor. Meyer, whose little newspaper was critical of Perez, was later beaten up severely by a Perez thug. He finally moved to New Orleans—"to get my vote counted."

November 12, 1941. Two attorneys for the Buras Levee Board (a governing board in the district) charged that the rental on Perez's law offices in New Orleans was paid with funds from the Lake Borgne Levee District. Perez later submitted a letter from the building manager certifying that he paid the rent personally.

Summer of 1943. The Perez sheriff died in office, and Governor Jones appointed Walter Blaize, an anti-Perez citizen, to serve the unexpired term. Perez went to court to prevent Blaize from taking office, and lost. His followers then put up barricades around the Pointe a la Hache courthouse and dared Blaize to take over. Finally Governor Jones called out the State Guard to restore order and install Blaize. The guardsmen had to remove burning roadblocks and other obstacles on the highway to Pointe a la Hache. When they finally arrived at the parish seat, most of the Perez gunmen fled across the river on a public ferry. The others manned the wooden barricades until the guardsmen set up machine guns. Blaize then served out the unexpired term. He was voted out at the next regular election.

October 18, 1947. A candidate for police jury was refused a qualifying form, and was told by Perez, who keeps stacks of the forms on hand, that if he wanted one he would have to go to the Secretary of State in Baton Rouge, more than a hundred miles away. During the same qualifying period, another Perez opponent asserted that he had been given fifty irregular forms at the Plaquemines Parish courthouse. The forms were, he said, so deliberately irregular as to disqualify any unsuspecting candidate who used them.

October 23, 1947. Twenty protests were filed by the Perez organization against opposition candidates in the local and state elections scheduled for the following January. After prolonged court action, (the case went all the way to the Supreme Court), all but two of the candidates were recognized. They were beaten by the usual landslides. In the hearings on the protests Perez had a dual function. He acted as both district attorney and chairman of the parish Democratic Executive Committee.

November, 1947. The seventy-foot yacht *Manta*, purchased by the Plaquemines parish police jury "to patrol the waters of Plaquemines parish as a protection against seafood depredation," was discovered at the New Orleans municipal yacht harbor, many miles from home.

The State Conservation Depart-

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ment, which is charged by law with protecting natural resources, said that there was no reason whatsoever for a political subdivision to own a boat for such purposes, and Perez's critics commented that her real use was simply as a private yacht for the boss. After her discovery in New Orleans, where Perez maintains a home that he uses more often than his official residence, the *Manta* returned to Plaquemines Parish, presumably to set out again on her hunt for more potential annoyers of seafood.

This interminable record of abuse of power, abrogation of self-government, and petty personal gratification is not surprising to anyone familiar with Louisiana politics. But the emergence and acceptance of Leander Perez as a States' Rights leader is surprising, even though he was active in the formation of the party, and as bitter in his denunciation of Truman as any of his party colleagues.

His espousal of the cause and activity in its behalf does not explain his selection as director of the Washington bureau. As a politician, he has been leader only of a pathetically backward, wilderness domain, and a state machine lieutenant who could hardly hope to be accepted even for any high state-wide elective office.

Moreover, his political behavior has hardly been such as to advance the principle of decentralization. His grasp of world, and even of national, issues is something less than profound, and his acquaintance with politicians of national stature is limited largely to the small group who see eye to eye with him.

On the other hand, he does know rough-and-tumble politics. He has the time for the job. As special counsel aiding the Louisiana Attorney-General in the tidelands fight, he has reason to be in Washington, and a more or less vested interest in one not unimportant aspect of the States' Rights movement.

Maybe there is a certain validity to the comment made by a possibly-too-practical States' Rights advocate and fellow Louisianian:

"I say you've got to fight fire with fire, and if you're up against a man who learned what he knows from Pendergast, you can't do better than to get someone who learned from Long."

—Hodding Carter

Ex-'Mayor of the Poor'

Has Jim Curley's benevolent monarchy in Boston been rendered obsolete by the New and Fair Deals?

The tune was "April Showers." But the small, bald man on the stage of Boston's Symphony Hall was singing new lyrics: *"Jim Curley is our friend. We'll make Jim Curley mayor once again . . ."* The audience, dominated by oldsters and middle-aged people, clapped their hands happily. Immediately, a pretty-faced young man with a thick, blond pompadour walked quickly from the wings, waved at the band leader, clasped his hands, and began to sing:

"For it was Curley, Curley long before the fashion changed. . . ."
"It's a grand old name."

The applause was thunderous. For an encore, the young man offered "Ave Maria" (with no rearrangement of the lyrics).

It was Sunday evening, November 6, 1949. Inside the old Symphony Hall on Huntington Avenue every seat was taken. The crowd filled half the center aisle and lined the walls three deep. This was the final "victory rally" in Mayor James M. Curley's campaign for re-election, his eighth campaign for mayor, his eighteenth for public office. There was little tension, and only one issue: Are you with Curley or against Curley? The audience sat composed and patient. They *knew* the answer.

The speakers repeated simple themes. Edward J. "Knocko" McCormick, past national commander of the 26th (Yankee) Division veterans, well-known tavern keeper in South Boston, and brother of House majority leader John W. McCormick, said that all over the city "the folks were loyal to Jim." A woman doctor, the first of her sex to serve on the Board of Trustees of the City Hospital, said she had gone to the mayor for instructions after receiving her appointment, and he had said: "I have only one request to make of you. Take care of my poor." A youthful holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor declared: "Mayor Curley promised to take care of us when we came home. He has kept his word." A dignified, well-groomed lady of middle age returned to the theme that Curley was the "Mayor of the Poor." "The friendless found in him a friend," she concluded.

By this time it was clear why there was no emotional fire in the air. The tone of this meeting was one of rededication. There were no issues, or if there were, they were the issues of keeping the faith, of love, gratitude, friendship, and loyalty. When a friend is in trouble, a decent person helps him out. And hadn't Jim Curley been everyone's friend?

For Curley the politician there is no analogy anywhere in America. Other states have their "grand old men" who win election after election, but no other figure has known such violent ups and downs and yet lasted so long. Nor does Curley have a Tammany-style machine, card indexes, dues, precinct captains, or corner clubhouses. The peculiar sources of Curley's strength are deep in the political history and the psychology of the Boston community.

Jim Curley emerged in the late 1890's, when Boston was making the switch from Yankee to Irish political control. Although largely shut out of civic life since their arrival in the 1840's, the Irish immigrants had been far from inert politically. Poverty, job discrimination, and religious rivalry had given them a high degree of self-

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consciousness. Deprived of the sobering responsibility of officeholding, the Irish turned inward and generated intense factionalism.

By the late 1890's these "interlopers" were a majority in the city. But their internecine warfare had produced scattered islands of power, each ruled by its own boss and resting on its own foundation of neighborhood pride, personal loyalty, and "old country" affiliations. No one boss could dominate the others, but four or five of them in shifting, uneasy alliance could rule Boston.

Fighting such alliances, Curley battled his way to the top. His chief assets were a glittering personality and a savage tongue. On one occasion he called his South Boston opponents a crowd of "milk-bottle robbers and doormat thieves." As a ruthless lone wolf, he twice beat the candidate of the kingmakers and became an independent power. But he could not wipe out the other cores of independent strength. His became merely the largest in a congeries of personal followings. Having bucked the system successfully, he was wary of putting much power in the hands of local subordinates. "Build up a ward politician and he may betray you"—that was his credo.

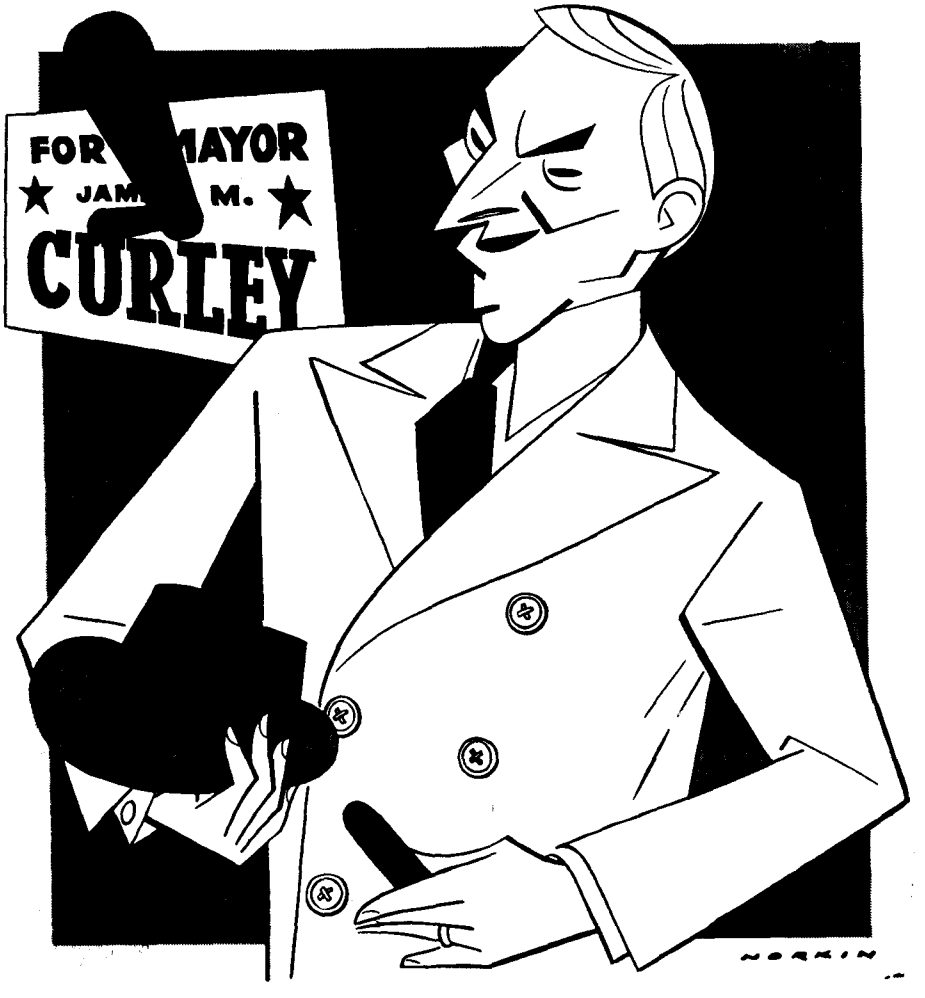
Curley became the lone general in an army of privates. For thirty years he has held tight to the reins of power, and has endeavored to make every recipient of a favor feel personally indebted to him. During his administrations, the mayor's office was thronged with humble people who in other cities would have been siphoned off at the precinct-captain level. This centralized system, or lack of system, would appal Jake Arvey or Ed Flynn, but it has given Curley a secure niche in the hearts of thousands of Bostonians. He is like the king who personally dispensed justice and favors under a tree.

Curley's political welfare state was always haphazard and inefficient. From a politician's viewpoint it had the more serious defect of centering all frictions and disappointments on the Number One Man himself. If Curley monopolized the credit, so also did he get all the blame and the kickbacks. But here is the secret of Curley's amazing resiliency. For in any impersonal machine, power adheres to the office rather than the man, and once he is deprived of the key position, whether it be Grand Sachem or Cook County Chairman, the old leader is virtually destroyed as a political factor. But in Boston Curley will be a potent threat as long as he lives, since there will always be thousands of voters who recall past favors or who have had grateful sentiments which can be reawakened. No caucus of the executive committee can vote Curley out.

But Curley is more than an accomplished manipulator: He is the most effective expression of a social myth outside the Deep South.

What was wrong with the rival bosses, and what Curley and the immigrant poor sensed was wrong with them, was that even after they captured the prizes of public office, they were content to be the agents rather than the principals in the struggle for power. Saloonkeepers and contractors by profession, they wanted simply to keep things running as they had in their wards, and to take their share of the graft. Whatever brand of buncombe they dealt out at election time, everyone knew that they were all pensioners of the Elevated Street Railway, the gas and electric companies, the railroads, or some other dominant interest still firmly controlled by the old families. It was a lethargic, comfortable, uninspired system.

But the long Irish-Yankee struggle for control of the city was not to be resolved in such a cozy and painless fashion. For fifty years, relations between the two peoples had been continually exacerbated. In effect, the strong dose of economic inequality, social opprobrium, ethnic prejudice, and religious hatred administered to the Irish immediately after their arrival in this country was a profound traumatic experience for the whole group. The first representatives of the Irish, such as General Patrick Collins and the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, had followed a "soft" policy reminiscent of that of Booker T. Washington, but this did not work off the shock. Burdened with a mass neurosis, the Irish community inevitably had recourse to myth. Ac-



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cording to many psychiatrists, myth involves a regression to some earlier state of pleasure as a means of emotional compensation. Invariably a leader emerges whose function it is, not to adjust his people to reality, but to unite these regressive feelings and give them vocal expression. Such a leader serves not as a guide to specific social action but as an emotional symbol. This role Curley filled.

He emerged as the hero of the drama in the era of the First World War. He assailed the business community, lashed out at the bankers of State Street, twitted Harvard College, derided the Back Bay social set and its "Brahmin" hierarchy of values, and sneered at the Republican reformers and "goo-goos." The fantasy to which he harked back was the mental picture which every immigrant carried of Boston as a place where all his dreams would be fulfilled. Curley always painted roseate visions of such a city, free of conflict and poverty and struggle. By placing blame for every problem and every defeat on the prejudiced, reactionary Yankees, he distracted attention from real obstacles and projected all dissatisfaction outward. By always battling, or appearing to battle, the forces of respectability and entrenched economic power, Curley gave an outlet to the accumulated resentments and aggressions of the immigrant community.

It is this identification with the immigrants that has allowed Curley to survive two prison sentences and countless investigations. He summed up his defensive attitude when he was a guest lecturer at Harvard. A student asked him how to become a success in politics. Curley replied: "Become a Republican and then they won't criticize you for doing what I've done."

Curley has never changed scapegoats in midfield. Theoretically, it might have been expected that the Irish would have vented their feelings on groups even worse off than they, such as the Italians or others of the "newer" races. In fact, they have never done so. This is largely because the Irish were for so long the only immigrants to come to Boston, and they came in such large numbers that adjustment became largely a two-dimensional, rather than a multi-dimensional, affair, as in New York. Curley has made a consistent effort to align all racial groups in his camp. He runs as strong in the Lithuanian districts of South Boston as in the Irish neighborhoods. The Roxbury area in which he made his political start was, in his youth, almost a hundred-per-cent Irish stronghold. Today it is a Negro slum. Curley carried it as easily in 1949 as he did in 1909. This old-fashioned habit of making a play for all racial blocs was strong enough to keep Curley clear of the wartime anti-Semitic movement in Boston. Curley inserted in the *Congressional Record* a list of all the Jewish soldiers and sailors who received the Medal of Honor.

"Well, there'll never be another one like him," the man said to his neighbor.

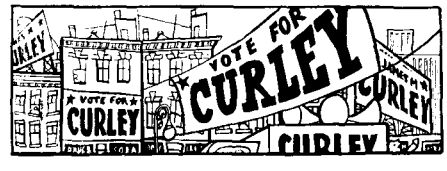
"Yeah, I guess you're right there."

There was a silence as each pondered this undeniable fact. The election-night crowd thronging Washington Street, Boston's Newspaper Row, stood quietly as the young man chalked up new figures on the giant scoreboard outside the offices of the *Post*. A voice from inside the building called out through a megaphone. "Fresh returns give Hynes 117,608, Curley 110,450. Hynes's lead has increased to more than seven thousand . . ."

No one cheered. A few smiled, and others chatted quietly, but most faces stared upward at the board, interested, attentive, passive.

Curley was polling the greatest vote of his mayoralty career and yet was going down to defeat. As a big-city politician, he had seemingly overlooked nothing. In the distribution of patronage no racial bloc had been overlooked, no favor-seeker had been turned down. The city employees, whose average annual pay had been increased a thousand dollars during the Curley administration, were efficiently organized to work in his behalf. An impressive array of veterans had endorsed Curley. The election machinery was in safe hands. If technique were enough, Curley had the answer.

But in the closing days of the campaign, Curley sensed that the ponderables of politics would not suffice. He shifted his campaign from the "issue" of gratitude and hit out at his opponent as a "Republican pawn," "the tool of the State Street wrecking crew." "Shall we," one of his supporters asked the public, "surrender to the intolerant bigots who seek to Republicanize our city once again?" It was the ancient Curley cry. It failed. In the old days it would have united the Irish Catholic wards and swept Curley in. But everywhere there was division. Thus the large vote he received was deceptive. The old bases of Curley's appeal had in fact moved from under his feet.



Indicative of this is the fact that his last three defeats have been suffered at the hands of two relatively young men, both Democrats and both former proteges of his.

John Hynes, Boston's new mayor, and Maurice Tobin, now Secretary of Labor, have proved themselves more adaptable to the changed social scenery of the New and Fair Deals than the old master. They speak for segments of the community which have been detached from the old insurgency. There are, for example, the young who have no interest in either expiating the evils or making up for the wrongs of their fathers. There are the newer trade unions, imbued with a more progressive spirit than that of Curley's pals in the building-trades locals. There are the new middle classes, managers rather than entrepreneurs, who have a new ethos and require a new rationale. (Hynes, a career civil servant, and Tobin, a graduate of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's bureaucracy, epitomize modern Boston, a security-conscious, civil service city.)

Many of these people are too proud or do not have the need to go humbly, hat in hand, seeking aid from a benevolent monarch. In three of the last four mayoralty elections, they have been able to reduce Boston's "nonpartisan" free-for-alls to a two-man fight and vote Curley out.

Perhaps the underlying reason for Curley's defeats, though, is that nowadays he has a formidable competitor as the best friend of the poor—the impersonal administration of the Fair Deal.

—William V. Shannon

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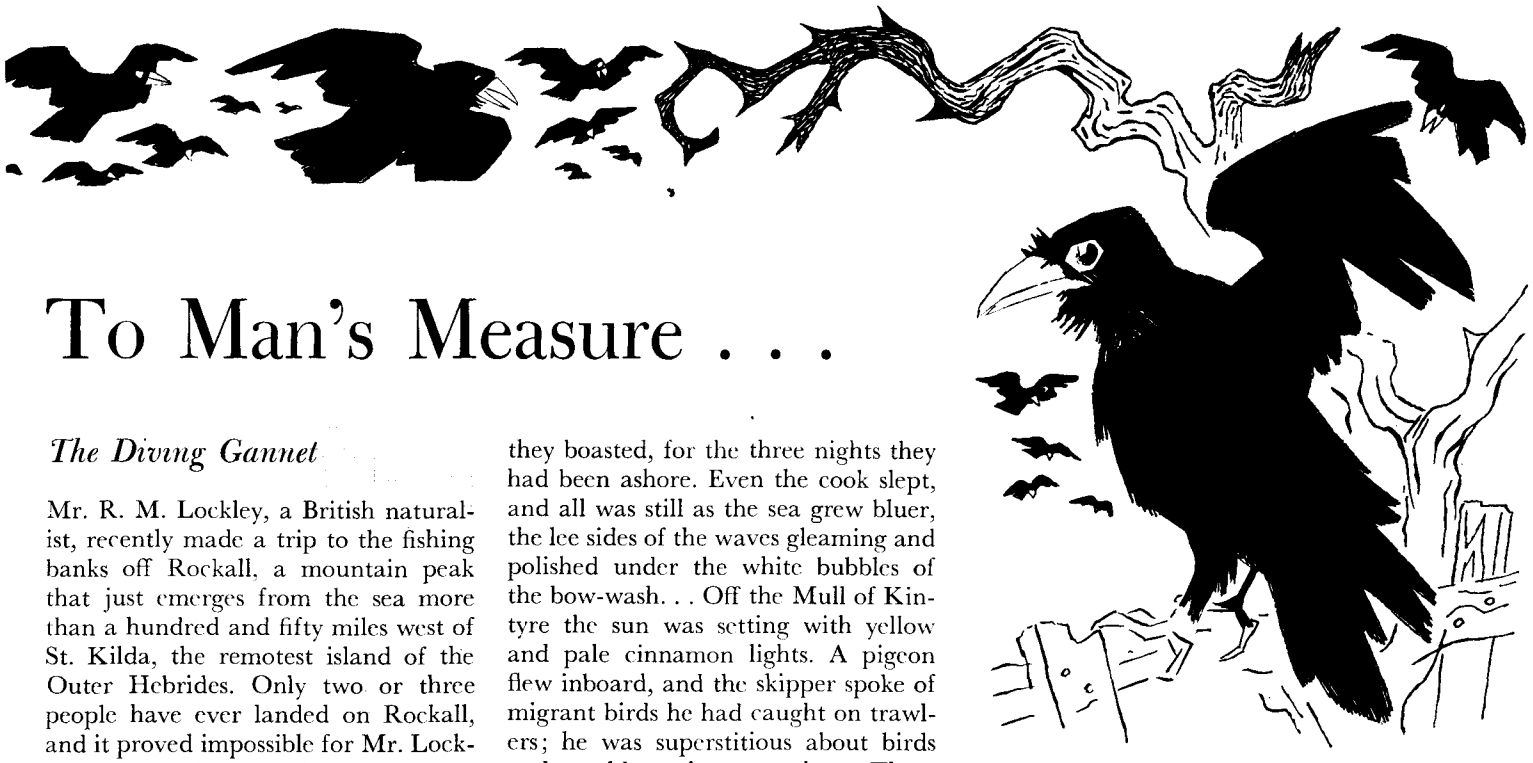

To Man's Measure . . .

The Diving Gannet

Mr. R. M. Lockley, a British naturalist, recently made a trip to the fishing banks off Rockall, a mountain peak that just emerges from the sea more than a hundred and fifty miles west of St. Kilda, the remotest island of the Outer Hebrides. Only two or three people have ever landed on Rockall, and it proved impossible for Mr. Lockley to do so because the sea was too rough, as it generally is. As a naturalist, Mr. Lockley's purpose was to look at birds; he observed many varieties and describes them in an article written for *The Countryman,* a remarkably precise, well-written journal, published on Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire, for the benefit of the many Britons who are interested in nature. Mr. Lockley has a theory that the migratory habits of birds may be affected by the trawling fleets, since, in the process of preparing fish for storage in the holds, large and regular quantities of food are supplied the birds. It is of course well known that the sound of the winch drawing in the nets attracts them immediately.

The trip, which Mr. Lockley took on a British trawler, proved at times a very rough one, and he greatly admired the constancy, courage, skill, and good humor of the captain and crew. We desire to quote an early passage in his account—certainly not to imply that British fishermen are crueler than any others who have lived so hard a life on every sea but, simply, to add a clinical notation to the moralist's fund which provides a knowledge of men's hearts and sensibilities.

"Our skipper," relates Mr. Lockley, "was an immense, broad, short man, full of help and kindness, and he let his crew sleep off the orgy of drink and easy living which had been theirs, so they boasted, for the three nights they had been ashore. Even the cook slept, and all was still as the sea grew bluer, the lee sides of the waves gleaming and polished under the white bubbles of the bow-wash. . . Off the Mull of Kintyre the sun was setting with yellow and pale cinnamon lights. A pigeon flew inboard, and the skipper spoke of migrant birds he had caught on trawlers; he was superstitious about birds and would not have any hurt. There were many cruel tricks he had seen practiced to while away idle hours at sea: . . . tying two fish on to the ends of one strong line and throwing this to the gannets, which were thus hooked together until one tore the guts out of the other and then died slowly of an indigestible meal; stuffing a fish with carbide, so that the bird which swallows it explodes in mid-air; and the usual trick of tying a fish in the center of a board for the diving gannet to break its neck upon. . . . The mid summer sun set at last, leaving horizontal fissures of pale golden light in the dove-blue masses of slow-moving cloud."

And the Crows

Resting after war and death the corpses had enjoyed a long period of calm; now they were being prepared for the journey home.

Though the cemetery was in northern France, the diggers were almost always Arabs; they dug until they met an "obstacle," that is to say the corpse. American or Allied personnel then descended into the grave and took hold of the body by the feet and shoulders to lift it onto the table for a first examination for identity. Very often the soft bodies, swollen with water, slipped from the strongest grasp, fell back into the grave, splashed everyone, and broke apart. Others broke in half as they were lifted out. The corpses were very hard to recompose.

Of course the American lieutenant in charge hated the work and was impatient to get it over with. If he finished it up on time, he was going to get a furlough and a promotion. Once when the day's work seemed finished an Arab produced a tibia. This meant of course that one of the corpses was incomplete and that everything done that day would have to be rechecked. A furious rage came over the lieutenant. He began to shout insults in his own language. Like a madman he grasped the tibia from the hands of the terrified Arab and began to beat him with it. The Arab ran. The lieutenant pursued him through the cemetery, stumbled, and fell over one of the newly opened graves. Then he dropped the tibia and sobbed like a child. "A spectacle of supreme impotence, of the living vanquished by the dead," comments Claude Sudry, a French writer who helped in the disinterment and from whose account in *La Nef* we have taken the details. It was a spectacle offered to great numbers of carrion crows attracted by the appalling and pervasive odor, a spectacle offered too late now, in translation and only partially at that, omitting many of the more unpleasant details, to Americans who could not leave their dead alone.

—G. P.

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Italy

A Real or Phony Recovery?

There is an Italian epigram about the Marshall Plan that goes: *"Si stava meglio quando si stava peggio,"* or "We were better off when we were worse off." It is a comment on the deceptive quality of the Italian recovery effort, which seems to be leading to prosperity and bankruptcy at the same time.

It is possible to prove by official figures that Italy is among the most promising Marshall Plan countries, and the most helpless—that it will stand on its own feet when the program ends in 1952, and that it will fall on its face.

Both cases are plausible. If recovery is a matter of balancing the budget and returning to the "normalcy" of 1938, Italy is coming along very well. If it is the construction of an economy that would make Italy genuinely viable, resolve its congenital economic difficulties, reduce its dependence on the United States, and end the internal Communist threat finally and forever, Italy is not doing well at all.

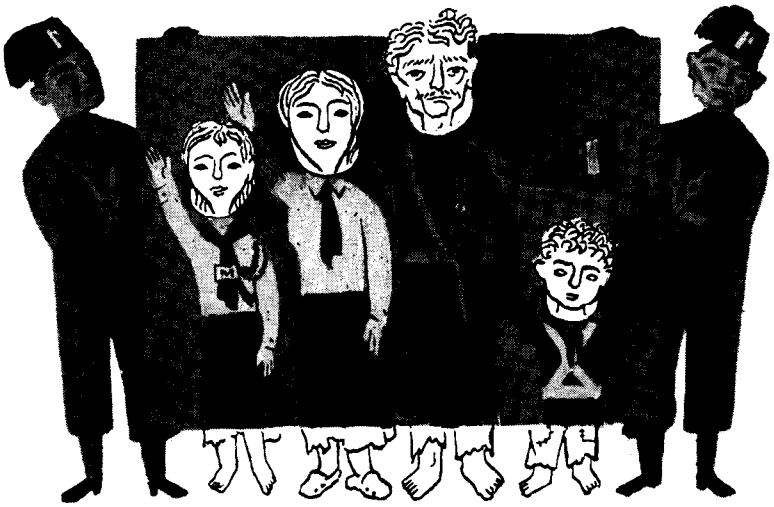
Thanks to the Marshall Plan and its own resourcefulness, Italy has come closer to the state of affairs of 1938 than almost any other ERP country. In the first full year of ECA aid, it cut its domestic budget deficit almost in half, from 750 to 452 billion lire. The margin of imports over exports dropped from $762 to $431 million. Gross overall production rose ten per cent. The lira has become comparatively stabilized. The people are eating an average of 2,500 calories a day, 130 more than they did last year. They are spending eighteen billion lire more for entertainment, and the cost of living has gone down slightly. (With the 1938 level equaling 100, the cost-of-living index dropped from 5,331 in 1947 to 4,917 at the end of 1948. The postwar figures are so gigantic because of the four successive devaluations of the lira.)

Italian exports have risen from fifty-seven per cent to eighty per cent of the 1938 level. Manufacturing and mining production is now about ninety-two per cent of 1938, agricultural yield around ninety per cent, and the shops now have four-fifths of the stock of consumer goods they had in 1938.

In spite of all this, there are still about two million workers unemployed, out of a working force of twenty million—and only a hundred thousand unemployed have been absorbed into jobs this year. Moreover, although over-all production has increased, there has been a decline in the most important work-giving industries, like construction, textiles, and machinery. As for the cost of living, it is true that daily wages have roughly kept even with the price index. But it is also true that most workers never could buy most of the things included in the price index, and still can't. According to a U.S. Embassy report, the average skilled worker in Milan today is earning only enough to cover the barest essentials of food, clothing, and rent.

The fact is that Italy *is* returning to Mussolini's "normalcy," but his "normalcy" was never normal. It was based on the Duce's imperious will toward aggressive expansion, and on the fact, which he pointed out, that "the Italian people, fortunately, are not yet accustomed to eating several times a day." Mussolini built an economic Caliban.

1922



1938

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He gave hothouse care to exporting and military industries, ruthlessly cut imports, and did nothing to raise internal buying power. Consequently, Italy had the lowest standard of living in the western world. An average Italian's buying power in 1938 was $343 a year, more than half of which he spent for food. This was lower even than the miserable income of the Greeks. It was commonly agreed then, as it is today, that there are three classes in Italy: producers, consumers, and people.

Mussolini might have balanced the budget, but he couldn't take care of the people. Yet, in its impatience today to reach an export-import balance, Italy seems to be adopting Mussolini's folly, without the reinforcement of his discipline. A recent ECA study warns: "The reduction [in the trade deficit] is *not* evidence of Italian recovery. Rather, it reflects a reduced level of consumer demand and industrial activity. . . . [Italy's 1948 deficit] is lower than it would have been had industrial output been higher [which would have required more imports of raw materials]. . . . The Italian economy has not taken sufficient advantage of available foreign aid to maintain a high rate of industrial output. . . ."

In other words, Italy might have been better off if it had taken advantage of American help for the next few years to import *more* raw materials, have a *higher* deficit, and make it possible for its people to buy what they produced.

The last point is the heart of the problem. Italy's production costs are excessive. It has had a temporary advantage because of the huge postwar demand for almost any kind of goods. But already high costs are making Italy lose out in the textile market, its most important export field. And if the costs of its products abroad are exorbitant, they are prohibitive for most wage earners at home.

Italian industry needs twenty thousand machine tools a year for replacements alone. In 1948, it bought only two thousand. The rest were exported.

Italy needs tractors badly, and it is able to make twelve thousand a year. In 1948, it made three thousand—and sold only fifteen hundred in the domestic market. This year, for the first time, Italy exported nitrogen—about a quarter of its total production—while at the same time it did not use enough nitrogen at home to replenish its own tired soil. Although Italy needs an estimated half million new housing units a year, construction *declined by fifty per cent from 1947 to 1948,* while building materials were shipped abroad.

This happened not only because purchasing power was low, but also because Italian industry—traditionally monopolistic — accepts this kind of economy and is uninterested in changing it.

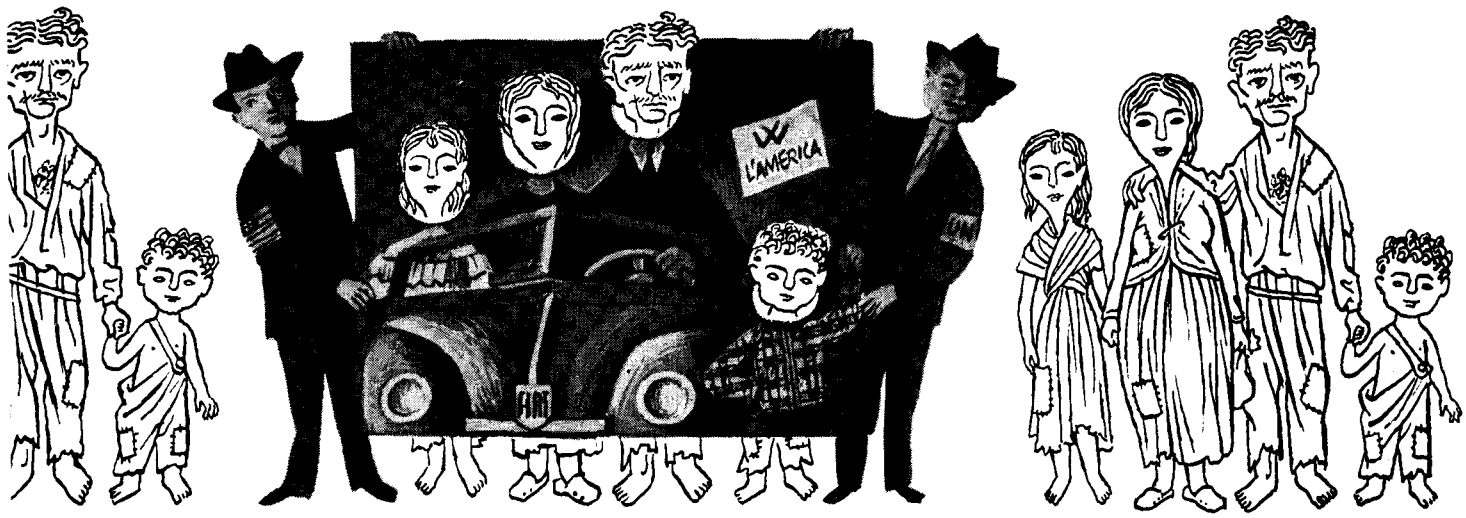
Thirteen companies control eighty-six per cent of the Italian machine-tool industry. In the motor industry, two control eighty-four per cent. In artificial textiles, two firms control ninety per cent; in rubber, four control eighty-two per cent; and in chemicals and pharmaceuticals, one group controls practically the entire industry.

It has always been and continues to be the policy of most of these monopolies to produce relatively small amounts of goods for high prices and quick profits. They have never produced at full capacity—not in Mussolini's time and still less so today. (The mechanical industry, which accounts for a third of Italian production, is operating at fifty per cent of capacity.) They are so convinced that the domestic market is unstretchable that a Fiat automobile sells for twice as much in Italy as it does in France. Frequently, instead of reinvesting profits in plant expansion, these industries invest their profits elsewhere—in the United States, Argentina, Switzerland—so that the benefits rarely trickle down below the top economic level.

These industries have come out of the war intact; and the men who directed them under Fascism are directing them still—"except," one Italian amends, "for those who are dead."

At the outset of the recovery program, the United States had to decide either to work with such men or to try to build a whole new system of industrial organization. According to Lee Dayton, Deputy Administrator of the ECA in Rome, there was no real choice at all. "We didn't have time to tear down everything big to make it little and then build it up big again," he says. "And even if we had the time, we didn't have the money."

Having made that decision, the only possible course was to develop the export policy for which the monopolies were best equipped, and to manage



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whatever reforms were possible on the side.

The three great problems have been: cutting production costs and bringing production up to full capacity; developing more small and medium-sized industry that could absorb a lot of unemployed hand labor; and raising purchasing power.

The most obvious obstacle to the reduction of costs, is, of course, the apathy of monopoly management. But there are others:

The cost of labor. Italy's birthrate is high; each year the population increases by three hundred thousand, and there are two million unemployed as it is. From 1945 to 1948, a law required factories to keep a full complement of workers whether or not there was anything for them to do. The law has been repealed, but trade-union pressure keeps the practice alive.

Social security. The social-security tax is thirty per cent of the payroll, and the employer pays all of it.

Turnover tax. The government attempts to collect a tithe every time goods change hands. The word "attempt" is used because tax collecting is so heartily despised in Italy that even in the new tax-reform bill, the maximum penalty for evasion is a hundred thousand lire—$167—and a month in jail.

Antiquated production methods and machinery. Some Italian factories are fifty years behind the times. But credit from Italian banks for modernization costs ten to twelve per cent. Moreover, there is the problem of technological unemployment when new machinery is introduced.

The development of small and medium industry—or any other kind, for that matter—is handicapped because those who want to invest lack capital, and those who have the capital don't want to invest.

Raising purchasing power involves producing more cheaply, selling more cheaply, therefore producing more, hiring more people—a process so vast and intricate that it has scarcely been initiated at all.

Italian economists of almost every political shade suggest that the first error the ECA made was to leave the solution of all these problems to private capital. "The Italian idea of a free enterprise," Lee Dayton points out, "is a cartel." There was a possibility that the government could step in as a pace-setter. Its IRI (Istituto Ricostruzione Italiano), which is roughly equivalent to our RFC, has formal stock control of anywhere from twenty-five to eighty percent of Italy's key industries. But it has not used its power to intervene. Rather, by its subsidy policy, it has, says an ECA study, served to "aggravate the rigidities that plague the Italian economy."

ECA policy, therefore, has been to distribute materials largely through private channels, which has meant, for example, that a hundred million dollars' worth of cotton has been distributed exclusively through the cotton trust. Inevitably this has tended to strengthen the monopolies at the expense of the smaller firms.

In the first year of the Marshall Plan, when the most urgent need was to get the big factories going again, on no matter what basis, there were good arguments in favor of this course. That crisis has passed. With ECA help, the inventories of raw materials have been restored, Italy has resumed its old type of production, and exporters have

recovered many old markets and acquired some new ones.

Today's crisis looks more permanent. With shortages of supplies like coal, iron, petroleum, and cotton, Italy will always need, of course, to import heavily, and therefore to export enough to pay its bills. The question is what the objective of this export-import program should be—whether merely to achieve a formal trade balance abroad, or to secure the kind of balance that reflects a healthy internal economy. There is every reason to believe that Italy will be unable to accomplish even the first goal, unless it simultaneously accomplishes the second.

The first imperative condition for this is that the government stiffen its direction of the nation's economic life. What is needed is an economic policy that would: revise drastically the monopoly organization of industry; encourage new and independent factories to absorb hand labor; raise production to its maximum capacity; increase buying power; impose a new, watertight tax system; purge the civil-service bureaucracy; compel holders of large capital to invest inside the country; spend the ECA counterpart lire fund (now amounting to 279 billion lire, of which only a fraction has actually been spent) in productive, work-giving projects.

This is first of all a job for the Italians themselves. It also calls for an adjustment in the American attitude. It is evident by now that far from intervening too much in Italy's internal affairs, as the Communists have charged, the United States has not intervened enough. Its reluctance might be based on a fastidious concern for national sovereignty, or on ignorance, or on devotion to tired economic and political principles. To Italian politicians, the fact that the United States has not intervened means simply that the United States doesn't want to change the status quo.

Certainly, in the last few months particularly, the whole ECA, from Paul Hoffman down, has been at some pains to indicate its desire for change. Whatever the attitude among ECA officials when they began operations, they have by now had only too clear a glimpse of the serious weakness implied by a monopoly-low-consumption economy like Italy's. But the time for reform by persuasion is running out. In two years, the ERP will end; and unless changes are made soon, countries like Italy will be in no position to carry on by themselves. They might attain an international trade situation which, by a formal system of accounting, could be called a balance, particularly if the State Department succeeds in bringing about economic unity in western Europe. But the ultimate objective of such a balance—the prosperity of the peoples concerned—would still be missing.

—CLAIRE NEIKIND

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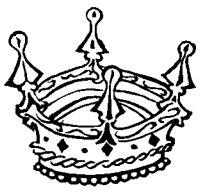
Small Nations

European Integration—a Dissenting View



It is fashionable in some quarters to maintain that Europe's smaller nations are guiltier than the large ones of obstructing the path toward general peace and stability. The small nations, this argument runs, are not willing to arm themselves enough to resist aggression, and thus, of course, they encourage aggressors. Without their feuds and rivalries, in which the innocent great powers somehow get involved, Europe might have remained at peace in 1914 and even in 1939. To put an end to the "Balkanization" of Europe, the sovereignty of the smaller powers must be limited, it is claimed, and they must be knocked together into larger units, or, better still, into one unit.

Along with this attack on the small nations as political entities, there has been an equally violent campaign against their economic sovereignty. Apparently the small nations constitute too many separate units, each with its own frontiers, tariffs, and currency. Presumably, if free interchange of goods and services is to become feasible, the small nations must be merged. Also, we hear repeatedly that mass production is possible only when the economic unit is huge.

Do tariff barriers between small nations substantially hamper world trade? If Albania and Luxembourg entered into a customs union, would the effect on international economics be noticeable? Even the Benelux union does not signify much to the world at large. World trade, as such, is paralyzed and hampered on the one hand by the disintegration of Britain's power as a buyer, seller, producer, and financier, and on the other by the unwillingness of the United States to perform the functions formerly exercised by Britain. No amount of word-juggling will alter the fact that American tariffs constitute one of the chief obstacles to multilateral trade, just as no argument can alter the international shortage of dollars. In the past it was Britain that enabled other countries to convert their surplus earnings into the currencies they required. Today, the only way to supply the world with U. S. currency would be for the United States either to buy more or to put unlimited funds at other countries' disposal.

Instead of abusing the small nations for their insistence on "economic sovereignty," it would be better to evaluate the services they have rendered in the past and still are rendering.

Switzerland, with no ports or colonies, and few raw materials of its own, has built up several industries of world renown—watches; silks and other textiles; electrical, engineering, chemical, and pharmaceutical products; chocolate, condensed milk, cheese, and other foodstuffs. Swiss banking and financial enterprises are probably the soundest in Europe. The largest firm in Switzerland employs less than eight thousand people.

Holland, too, quite apart from its old agricultural and gardening industries, has created internationally important industrial and colonial enterprises, a great merchant navy, and a worldwide banking organization. Belgium is one of the most heavily industrialized countries in the world, and its record of postwar economic reconstruction is unique among European nations.

Denmark, like Switzerland, has hardly any raw materials; yet not only have the Danes developed on their poor soil a model agricultural industry, but they have pioneered in bridge building, cement construction, and mechanical engineering. They possess one of the most modern merchant marines in the world. Norway too excels in that respect. With no government support whatever—in fact, despite heavy taxation at home and subsidized competition abroad—the Norwegians between the two world wars built up the world's fourth largest maritime fleet. Not only was Norway, with a population of barely three million, quantitatively ahead of all the great powers except Britain, America, and Japan, but the quality of its ships, the standard of wages, maintenance, and sailors' accommodations, were higher than those of almost any other nation. During the war practically the whole of this fleet served the Allied cause. About half of Norway's merchant marine was destroyed, but today it is practically back at prewar tonnage.

Sweden possesses far more natural wealth than Norway or Denmark. Even so, its industrial development—for a country of six and a half million inhabitants—is impressive. In addition to timber, pulp, paper, and wooden goods, iron ore, and other minerals, one need mention only ball bearings and gas stoves, Ericsson telephones and Orrefors glass to indicate the wide range of its export goods.

Far from engaging in trade rivalry dictated by economic nationalism, these small states set an unusual example before the war in promoting a liberal trade policy. In 1937, an agreement was concluded at Oslo by the

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three Scandinavian states and Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Finland—to give this policy tangible form and to make at least a regional start on loosening international trade restrictions. But the "Oslo Powers" found no followers among the larger countries.

The fact is that during the twenty years between the wars, the small states of western and northern Europe did set up exceptionally high standards of efficiency and reasonableness in international co-operation. They were model members of the League of Nations, and were invariably willing to abide by its decisions, even if these meant disappointment or actual disadvantage to them. It is rather paradoxical that the United States and Great Britain—which throughout those two decades tried to force disarmament on the nations of the continent—should later have criticized the small states for having reduced their armaments.

With the exception of the United States, all existing large states, *including* Soviet Russia, are weak economic organisms. One need only compare China, with its four hundred million inhabitants, and Switzerland, with its 4.5 million.

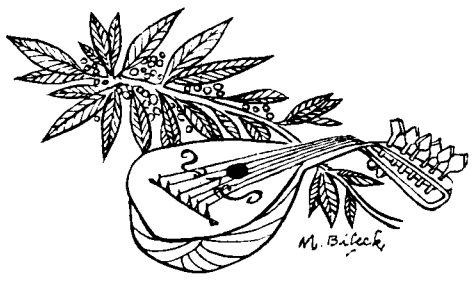
Small nations thrive on world trade. A condition of their prosperity is not the division of the world into self-contained and competing big units, but international commerce on a worldwide scale. In this they can compete, and each can make a contribution out of all proportion to its material resources.

Those who are now busily engaged in reviving Hitler's idea of *Grossraum*, or the large, unified international bloc, do not realize that the most treasured possession of these smaller nations is liberty. They do not wish to be "amalgamated" or "pooled" with anybody. At the same time they have shown sufficient readiness to participate in international political, economic, and even cultural arrangements to prove that they are as good Europeans as the bigger states—possibly better ones. It is true, of course, that these small states are not, and never can be, in a position to defend themselves single-handed against the aggression of a big power. But that is a handicap they share now with even the biggest nations, none of which could carry on any decisive struggle solely on its own resources. Neither Russia, with its two hundred million people, nor China, with more than twice that, nor the United States could have won the last war alone.

There are still twice as many Germans as there are Englishmen, and even if all the white citizens of the United Kingdom and the Dominions were added together, the total would still leave Britain small compared to the United States, China, and Russia. Does this mean that Britain, too, should be "pooled" or "abolished"—"integrated" into some *Grossraum?*

There is one other aspect of the "big units" business which needs special emphasis. People who talk about the necessity of forcing small states to become "integrated" into "larger economic units" do not seem to realize that these arguments to a certain extent resemble Hitler's case for so-called *Autarkie*. It is important therefore to recall what the Nazis did try to do. With their love of self-dramatization and mythical grievances, the Germans were always complaining that they could not pay for their purchases. Nobody seemed concerned with the obvious answer: that, first of all, they were being supplied on credit anyhow; that if instead of spending all their money on war preparations they had increased their peaceful trade operations they would have remained not merely solvent but prosperous; and, finally, that the alleged "have" countries did not get all their goods for nothing, but had to pay for them.

By implication the German complaint meant that Britain, for instance,



could draw its supplies from the Empire without performing any services in return—perhaps on the lines of the old Spanish "Silver Fleets" fetching tribute from the Americas. The German argument, carried to its logical conclusion, implied that Australia's butter and wool, and Canada's wheat, and South Africa's gold, were just freely handed over to the United Kingdom, as the rightful recipient of these goods. However, the Germans did not by any means end their argument by saying that in principle this was wrong.

According to the Germans, even more important than their capacity to purchase or obtain raw materials on credit in peacetime was the securing of uninterrupted supplies in case of war. This meant not merely the possession of vast continental and overseas sources for vital imports, but also the development of sufficient strength on land, at sea, and in the air to prevent a potential enemy or combination of enemies from interfering with Germany's communications. The logical consequence of this argument was, of course, not only the building of a fleet and air force, but also a demand for necessary air and naval bases. In other words, the German "have-nots" did not merely want the socialization or internationalization of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian, and other empires, with a view to obtaining equality of status there with the respective mother countries, but they were demanding a new distribution of overseas territories in such a manner that, in the colonies to be ceded to them, they would enjoy special privileges.

What they really wanted was not access to supplies at all, but political dominance, and dominions that they could loot as they looted the enslaved countries of the continent from 1940 to 1945. And so besotted were some of Europe's public men that they not only accepted but actively sponsored Germany's claims to colonies, which they regarded as a perfectly legitimate aspiration.

Even this, however, did not exhaust the Nazi claims for *Autarkie*. Quite clearly, even if they had possessed, on their own terms of domination and exploitation, plentiful raw materials overseas, they would have been deprived of their use through the Allied blockade. Of what advantage to Hitler could have been the ownership, say, of the oilfields of Oklahoma or the wheatfields of Canada if he could not have maintained communications with these distant possessions? On the other hand, the wheat of the Ukraine and the oil of the Caucasus would have been valuable if they could have been included

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in the German European *Grossraum*, and Hitler came very near to the realization of this aim.

If what we really want is a totally unified Europe, it seems a little less logical that we should have been at war with Hitler, or that we should be opposing Stalin now. Both can be classed as the leading protagonists of the *Grossraum* idea. Since, after all, no one expects Albania, Luxembourg, or Greece to assume leadership in the much-vaunted European unity, the advocates of large blocs should be logical enough to recognize that Nazi Germany had—or Soviet Russia has—a pretty good claim to such leadership. Those who recommend the pooling of Europe's most efficient and highly-civilized democracies, should be made to realize that they are preaching a doctrine that isn't without its dangers. Hitler would have been only too willing to organize and "integrate" Europe as a large economic unit, although admittedly as one far different from that visualized by today's western European planners. And there is no reason to doubt that Stalin today would be delighted to assume a similar task. In promoting the doctrine of integration, the planners must never lose sight of the small unit's need to be given continued freedom for the manifestation of its individual genius.

In his "scrap of paper" speech in September, 1914, Lloyd George had some pertinent things to say on this subject; "The world owes much to little nations and to little men. This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation and a big man—well, long legs have their advantages in a retreat. Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations. She will only allow six-feet-two nations to stand in the ranks; but all the world owes much to the little five-feet-high nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of the little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium, fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom." —GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

Europe

Task-Force Against T.B.

Alexander was next. He approached the table and rolled up his ragged sleeve. His lips quivered slightly as he presented his arm, thin as a twig, but he stood straight and said nothing. The nurse inserted the long needle of the syringe and pressed. The boy looked up at her, surprised and a little disappointed that he hadn't been required to bear more pain. A tiny round welt was swelling on his arm.

"That's all," the nurse said, handing him a small gray card. "You don't need a bandage."

Alexander bowed. As he marched out of the room he kept his arm raised and regarded his wound as proudly as if it had been a decoration.

Alexander's older brother had died of tuberculosis in a German prison camp during the war. Every year nearly five million persons—more than the population of Massachusetts—die on this planet of the disease, one of civilization's oldest, worst, most universal enemies. Alexander could easily have been one of the victims himself, but now he won't be. He has been vaccinated against T.B. in the United Nations' International Tuberculosis Campaign, and the drops of liquid he received cost the sum of one dime.

Moving out by plane, auto, horse and buggy, afoot, and even by raft and canoe, a hardy little army of doctors and nurses, most of them Scandinavians, has deployed across wide areas of Europe and Asia to combat the alarming postwar spread of the "white death" with a vaccine called B.C.G.—"Bacillus Calmette Guérin," for its discoverers, Dr. Albert Calmette and Prof. Camille Guérin. The plan of battle embraces this staggering objective: examination of a hundred million children on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and initial immunization of thirty million of them against T.B.

Teams are already at work in Czechoslovakia, Finland, Hungary, India, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Greece. By late spring, when the campaign completes its first year, it is estimated that fifty million children will have been tested and fifteen to twenty million vaccinated in Europe.

Before the war, it might have been impossible to get a single response to a call for T.B. prevention in Xanya, Greece, where young Alexander and nearly a thousand of his fellow townsmen were vaccinated in a single day. For generations, it has been considered a greater social disgrace in Greece to have T.B. than venereal disease. If it became known that one of his brothers or cousins was suffering from the infection, a young man usually found it hard to obtain a wife. A girl with a similar stigma might never land a husband, no matter how alluring her dowry. So nobody talked. When someone died of tuberculosis, the physician was often bribed to put down another cause on the death certificate.

What caused this sudden change of attitude? How can you get children to say "thank you" for being stuck with a needle? An old-timer in Xanya explained it:

"After the war, some wonderful things began to happen, despite the fact that a lot of additional energy was being bled away in fighting the guerrillas. Relief agencies brought us DDT. This stuff is transforming our lives, and once our half-sick Greece is united again, the results will be even more impressive. [In areas where DDT was distributed, malaria cases have dropped as much as ninety per cent.] Not only has the killing of mosquitoes caused the sickness to diminish, but with the menace of flies and lice also reduced, our

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livestock get fatter, cows give more milk, and chickens lay more eggs."

So when the T.B. vaccination campaign was extended to Crete, the members of the teams were welcomed as heroes. "We don't know what B.C.G. is," one official said, "But if it does half as much for us as DDT has done, it's worth a try."

It was stressed that this was to be a mass campaign, and that all schoolchildren and young adults would be tested, so that there wouldn't be any question of singling out and "exposing" individuals. So convincing was the effort that children who didn't need shots tried to get them anyway.

The story of B.C.G. involves a potato, a slice of beef, and the patience of two French scientists. B.C.G. is not a new, magic medicine. Calmette and Guérin made their first cultures on pieces of potato and beef spleen in 1908 at one of the Pasteur Institute's laboratories in Lille. In the First World War, the Germans occupied Lille, and for a while it was feared the whole experiment would be ruined, but although Madame Calmette was carried away as a hostage, the scientists managed to stick to their task. Today the sharp blue eyes of seventy-seven-year-old Professor Guérin still flash and his white beard bristles as he recalls how the two men scrounged for potatoes and meat —not to eat, but to feed the bacilli.

B.C.G. consists of live tubercle bacilli which have lost all their virulence while retaining their immunizing qualities. It took thirteen years of nursing and transplanting the culture until the scientists dared try the vaccine on human beings. In 1921 it was given to the newborn baby of a mother who had died of tuberculosis. The experiment was a success. Since 1924, some twenty-five million persons have received B.C.G. vaccinations in France alone, which today is pursuing its own immunization campaign.

Soviet Russia, which also has an independent T.B. program, has made widespread use of B.C.G. According to one report, at least two million Russian babies have been immunized by receiving B.C.G. in milk. Many experts credit Norway, Sweden, and Denmark with the most scientific exploitation of the vaccine. In 1947, Norway passed a law empowering the Ministry of Social Affairs to order B.C.G. injections wherever it was deemed necessary. Men like Dr. Anders Wassen of Sweden and Prof. K. A. Jensen of Denmark did exhaustive research with B.C.G., and made elaborate case histories so that the results of vaccination could be meticulously measured. On the basis of such findings, it is now

claimed that when properly administered, B.C.G. reduces the number of new cases of tuberculosis by approximately four-fifths.

In several instances, T.B. sanatoria have been closed down in Scandinavia because there were not enough new patients to fill them. The tuberculosis death rate in Denmark last year was thirty-one per hundred thousand inhabitants, the lowest in the world. In some countries, particularly in Asia, it is nearly twenty times higher. The T.B. death rate in the United States is 33.5 per hundred thousand.

Nearly everyone at some time in his life, usually before he reaches the age of twenty-five, is exposed to the tubercle bacillus. If his resistance is low, he may develop active T.B. Then long, tedious, and costly measures must be relied upon for a cure. If his health is good, the chances are he can stifle the disease before it gets beyond the stage of minor infection. This successful tussle helps people build up a natural resistance to subsequent assaults of T.B.

Protecting those who do not have such "natural immunity" is the goal of the B.C.G. campaign. Like a smallpox vaccination, B.C.G. helps the body create natural weapons with which to fight a later infection. In test cases the immunity it gives has lasted several years. It is a preventive and not a cure, and it is administered only to those who register a negative reaction to the common tuberculin test for T.B.

A technical point arises here which has caused something of a split in medical opinion over the value of B.C.G. Many American and British doctors have opposed the idea of mass vaccination in the United States and the United Kingdom, preferring to concentrate on other control measures such as segregation of T.B. cases. Mass immunization, they argue, makes it more difficult to measure the spread of T.B. For, once a person is "shot" with B.C.G., he produces a positive reaction to a tuberculin test, just as a person with an arrested case does. So, the argument runs, if you vaccinate all the negatives, you will soon have nothing but positives, thus making it much harder to separate among the latter the immune from the cases needing treatment.

The ravages of war in both Europe and Asia left rapidly spreading areas of infection, and medical niceties had to give way before sweeping emergency measures. "In many places tuberculosis was reaching epidemic proportions," recalls Dr. Johannes Holm of Copenhagen, now technical director of the International Tuberculosis Campaign. "We had to plan a defense against an epidemic. B.C.G. was our best weapon. The long-range job was vital, but it would have to come later."

Actually, the problem is less acute in Europe now than it was right after the First World War, when T.B. mortality was higher than at any other time in this century. Even so, Dr. J. B. McDougall, medical staff officer of the World Health Organization in Geneva, estimates that there are today between 4.5 and five million cases of "significant" T.B.—meaning cases needing observation or treatments—in Europe alone. Each year, around half a million Europeans die of T.B. Dr. McDougall says that the infection is most severe today in Poland, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Portugal, and Finland—probably in that order.

The death rate in Yugoslavia has reached as high as three hundred per hundred thousand inhabitants. In 1944, the death rate was five hundred per hundred thousand in Poland, where only six thousand doctors cared for a population of over twenty-four million. There the rate has dropped to about 180 deaths per hundred thousand—still far above what it was in the 1930's. In Vienna in 1946, the number of new cases of T.B. reported was more than four times the number in prewar years.

The Danish Red Cross was the first agency to move into this crisis with mass vaccination measures. It organized flying squads, each consisting of a

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doctor and two nurses, and sent them out to central Europe. Not long afterward, the Swedish Red Cross and Norwegian Help for Europe joined forces with the Danes. In addition Copenhagen opened a center for training in the technique of B.C.G. application and tuberculosis control in general. The three-month course—free except for traveling expenses—has attracted more than eighty doctors already, not only from Europe but also from India, Pakistan, China, Ceylon, and the Philippines. Among them the three Scandinavian countries have already expended a total two million dollars of their own funds on the program.

Their efforts impressed U.N. health experts, and last summer the campaign became a joint U.N.-Scandinavian enterprise, officially backed by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund and the World Health Organization. UNICEF initially appropriated four million dollars for the job, to be split equally between European and non-European countries. The number of Scandinavian teams was increased: Nearly fifty of them are now at work and more than two hundred local doctors and nurses in recipient nations are helping them. (If the drive is extended to North Africa, as planned, the teams will be organized by the French.)

Response to the campaign is not always as enthusiastic as it was in Crete. Plans were stalled in one Balkan country when the government objected to admitting more than one medical team. In many places people still uneasily recall the tragedy of Lübeck, Germany. One day in 1929 in Lübeck, where health authorities were conducting mass vaccinations, the label fell off a bottle of virulent tubercle bacilli and a female laboratory assistant accidentally mixed it with the B.C.G. culture. As a result more than fifty infants contracted tuberculosis, and most of them died. Although the effectiveness of B.C.G. itself was not at stake—it was as if a patient who had asked for aspirin in a drugstore had been given cyanide by mistake—B.C.G. vaccinations were banned in Germany and were long held in disfavor elsewhere.

In middle Europe, objections to vaccination have sometimes been encountered for odd and unexpected reasons. In a southern Polish town, a B.C.G. team arrived hoping to treat a thousand children. Scarcely a score showed up. Investigation revealed that the rumor had been circulated that this was a mysterious medicine that would produce sterility. It took a week of intensive campaigning, in newspapers, posters, and speeches, to win over the wary peasants.

In a village in Hungary, the first turnout was disappointing. Here it developed that a zealous Communist had spread the word that the campaign was a "western imperialist trick to inoculate people against Communism."

But in another Hungarian town, the response was just the opposite. The entire citizenry appeared at the schoolhouse after the town crier had marched through the streets rolling his drum to herald the arrival of the team. Grandmothers, uncles, bachelors, and spinster aunts all crowded into the building, rolled up their sleeves, and demanded to be immunized along with the children. The amazed nurses asked a local official to explain it. "We were determined to have a good response," he said proudly, "and we got it. We simply passed the word along that this was a potion to make them safe from the atomic bomb."

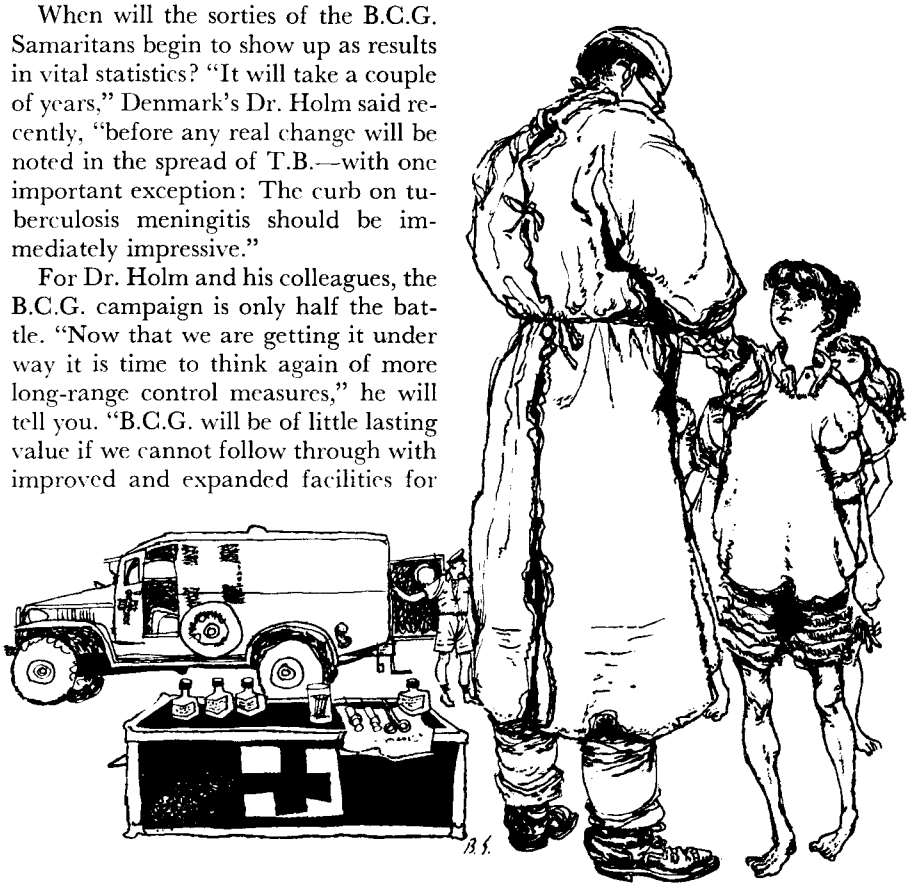
When will the sorties of the B.C.G. Samaritans begin to show up as results in vital statistics? "It will take a couple of years," Denmark's Dr. Holm said recently, "before any real change will be noted in the spread of T.B.—with one important exception: The curb on tuberculosis meningitis should be immediately impressive."

For Dr. Holm and his colleagues, the B.C.G. campaign is only half the battle. "Now that we are getting it under way it is time to think again of more long-range control measures," he will tell you. "B.C.G. will be of little lasting value if we cannot follow through with improved and expanded facilities for the treatment of persons who have already contracted tuberculosis—those in the 'positive' ranks who have active infections. This means permanent clinics, X-ray examination, and careful records. And we must have programs to eliminate the sources of infection—poor and crowded housing, skimpy and unbalanced diets."

That's a colossal order, but the old truth that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure will make it easier to fill. Some statisticians in the Ministry of Health in Prague have figured that the B.C.G. campaign in Czechoslovakia will ultimately save the government a hundred million dollars in treatment, maintenance of earning power, and other costs.

In a few years, if one should go back to Xanya, on the jagged coast of Crete, and find a robust Alexander Kuros doing a man's work in the olive harvest, it would not be an exaggeration to say that the dime—the price of two lollypops—that it took to immunize him, was an investment that had paid off more handsomely than many of the other investments that governments are making today.

—EDWARD P. MORGAN



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China

Red Defenses in Asia

Under Communist leadership, China creates a new Asiatic defense-in-depth for the Soviet Union, which is now in the process of extending its own industrial growth beyond the Urals into Central Asia and the Soviet Far East. This defense-in-depth consists of a primary borderland security belt, which embraces Sinkiang, Mongolia, and Manchuria, and a vast secondary cushion in China proper, which protects the flanks of the primary belt and also denies the United States bases close to the eastern rim of the Soviet Union. South China produces tin, antimony, and tungsten, but these are not as important to the Soviet as the denial of bases to the West.

The well-officered, well-disciplined, and thoroughly indoctrinated "People's Liberation" Army, now swollen to a strength of four million men, is far better qualified than the old Nationalist Army to defend this territory. After last April's battle in which four British warships became embroiled with Communist artillerymen when the sloop *Amethyst* ran into the start of the Reds' Yangtze offensive, an officer aboard the scarred cruiser H.M.S. *London* observed, "By gad, those chaps stood their ground just as well as the Germans did at Dieppe. They kept firing until they were literally blown out of their positions."

In the event of war, it would still be possible for American long-range bombers to reach Soviet industry in Asia from bases in Okinawa and Japan. But more of the territory to be covered has become hostile, and new possibilities have been opened for the Soviet Union to extend its own air-interception network into China. Militarily, the matter is not merely one of defense. A Communist China also provides the Soviet Union with potential offensive air and submarine bases for attacking American-held positions in the Pacific and the supply lines connecting the Tokyo-Manila-Okinawa triangle.

General MacArthur and his SCAP group in Japan have manifested concern over the prospect of a Communist-held Formosa, which lies athwart the Tokyo-Manila line. But for the time being, the political difficulties of intervening in Formosa seem to be outweighing military considerations. It has been held in some quarters that, in case of war, the United States would be in a position to recover Formosa even if it were Communist-held.

The removal of China from American political influence, and the denial to us of military bases menacing the Soviet Union, has been a cardinal aim of Soviet Far Eastern policy since the end of the Japanese war. While the Chinese Communists successfully disputed Chiang Kai-shek's authority throughout China, primarily under their own steam, the Russians began devoting their major attention to the borderland areas of Sinkiang, Outer Mongolia, and Manchuria. Full appreciation of Soviet aims in China prompted Acting Nationalist President Li Tsung-jen last January to propose, as the international counterpart of his domestic campaign to negotiate peace with the Communists, a new Sino-Soviet understanding. This was to include China's neutrality in the event of war, the elimination of American influence from China, and a new basis for "real co-operation" between China and the Soviet Union. Li Tsung-jen failed in both efforts.

Through the 1945 Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, which Stalin obtained at Yalta as his price for entering the war against Japan, the Russians achieved the final legal separation of Outer Mongolia from China, and re-established a sphere of influence in Manchuria by means of a railway partnership, a joint Sino-Soviet naval base at Port Arthur, and special commercial privileges at what was to have been the "free port" of Dairen.

Even before the war ended, a pro-Soviet revolution broke out among the Turki of Sinkiang, with the rebels setting up an "East Turkestan Autonomous Republic" in the northeast corner of that large frontier province. The Chinese administration of Sinkiang was notoriously bad, and the Chinese were cordially disliked by the Turkis, but the guns, training, ideology, and even the uniforms of the revolutionaries, were Russian-style. Although the Soviet Union recognized the Nationalist government in Nanking, Russian miners continued extracting wolfram from the rebel zone for shipment to Soviet Asia. The Soviet Union's influence as China's neighbor along a three-thousand-mile border was, in fact, so strong that the Soviet ambassador in Nanking was able to prevail on the Nationalists to keep American planes out of Sinkiang, even while the Nationalists were deriving their main international support from the United States.

As a neat political power plan, the postwar Soviet occupation of Manchuria was even more fascinating. Its early phases were marked by the advent of Soviet trade representatives, a rush to buy up Manchurian property with occupation notes, and selective stripping of factories by the Red Army. The Russian officers explained that the Soviet Union could never again allow an industrialized Manchuria to be used by a hostile power as a "dagger pointed at Russia's back."

As Communist troops seeped into Manchuria from China proper, help-

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ing themselves to Japanese arms, Marshal Malinovsky pressed the Nationalist representatives in Changchun for an industrial partnership to implement the Sino-Soviet treaty. During these negotiations, the Nationalist entry into Mukden was delayed, and Chiang was permitted to fly only a few thousand "Peace Preservation" troops from Peking to Changchun. When the Nationalists flatly rejected Malinovsky's demand for an industrial partnership, the Russians pulled out. Two hours after General Carlov's garrison was evacuated completely, the Communists attacked Changchun with thirty thousand troops.

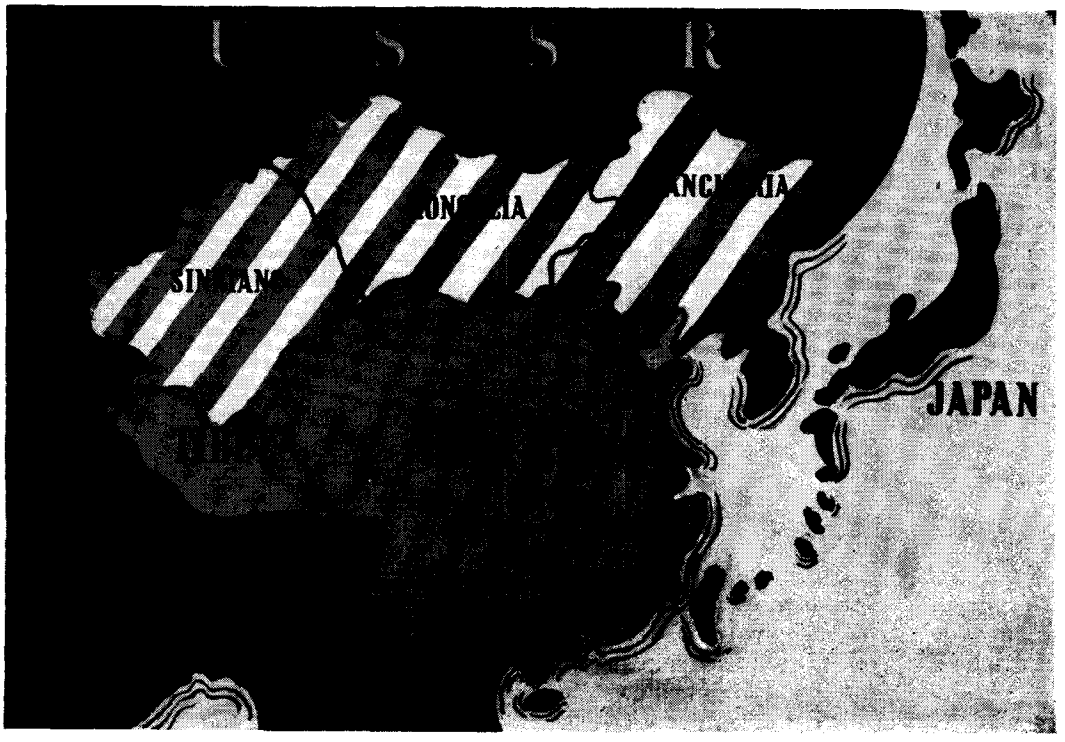
Today the entire Sino-Soviet border belt is secure—secure, probably, even against the Chinese People's Republic in Peking and any Titoist tendencies it might develop. Outer Mongolia has its legal independence and a Soviet-oriented government. Sinkiang and Manchuria are still legally parts of China, but each has considerable autonomy. Sinkiang has its own Turki regional movement under Achmad Djahn and other leaders with dual Sino-Soviet citizenship. Manchuria has its own regional government under Kao Kang, Communist Party secretary in the northeast, who signed the recent barter agreement calling for the exchange of Soviet industrial equipment, finished goods, and medicine for Manchurian food surpluses. Carved out of western Manchuria and the Mongol portions of north China is the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Area, headed by Mongol Communist Yun Tze. Meanwhile, Port Arthur and Dairen, still occupied by Soviet troops, have their own special Communist civil administration and currency.

With regard to the future development of Manchuria, it remains to be seen whether the Soviet Union will go out of its way at this time to industrialize heavily an area so close to American bases in Japan; or whether it will prefer to concentrate, instead, on trying to integrate the present Manchurian economy as a surplus-food producer into the over-all Soviet Far Eastern economy. Whatever the decision may be, the direct Soviet interest in Manchuria constitutes an important hold on the Chinese Communists. For Manchuria, with its pattern of state industry and its agriculture surpluses, represents the best available pilot base from which to extend the socialization and industrialization of China.

The Russian and Chinese revolutions have linked up a land mass extending from the Stettin-Trieste line in Europe to the Pacific Ocean. Quite apart from its relation to the Soviet Union, the Chinese revolution—as an "Oriental revolution"—is sure to exert a new power of its own throughout Asia.

Given the best possible conditions, though, it will be several decades before China can stand on its own feet as a fairly respectable, if not colossal, industrial power. In assessing China's industrial potential, Dr. Wong Wen-hao, long-time head of the National Resources Commission before he became the Nationalist Premier for a short term, once noted: "We can become another France, but not a Soviet Union or a United States." In any case, the process of industrialization will not be an easy one. Confronting the Communists are such tremendous problems as overpopulation, small capital surpluses, lack of a substantial frontier, a basic shortage of oil, and property-conscious peasants who may not take too well to ideas about the "socialization of agriculture" as a concomitant of planned industrialization.

Despite the problems that the Communists face at home, the new military unification of the country reconstitutes the kind of Chinese state that played an important historic role throughout Southeast Asia. The chances for Chinese leadership in Asia today have been enhanced by the propagation of Communism as an international faith, by the standardization of revolutionary techniques, and by the emergence of Mao Tse-tung's "New Democracy" as an exportable blueprint for countries with problems similar to those of China. Just as the Russian revolution set Mao Tse-tung to studying Marxism, so the Chinese revolution promises to set other potential Asiatic revolutionaries to studying the "New Democracy." Its slogans of "anti-feudalism" and "anti-imperialism" find fertile soil in Southeast Asia.



The Indians, who are trying to work out their own problems with a

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parliamentary socialism that constitutes about the only competing force in Asia, are especially alive to the dynamics of Chinese Communism. Politically, the Chinese have an advantage to the extent that indigenous central authorities are weak, economic middle classes are undeveloped, and a deeply-rooted western political tradition is lacking in Southeast Asia. The Chinese revolutionary approach is simple and direct. On the other hand, the Chinese communities of Southeast Asia are not popular; an aggressive Chinese policy in this area would encounter nationalist resistance.

Anxious to stabilize their border relations with China, the Indians, the British (with holdings in Hongkong and Kowloon) and the French (with a stake in Indo-China) are more eager than the Americans to recognize the Chinese Communists. The British attitude is also conditioned by such economic considerations as a $1.5-billion investment in China and by the profitable commercial role of Hongkong, an entrepôt whose existence depends on trade with China. The desire for trade, however, is not restricted to the British. Japanese officials have already discussed publicly the necessity for trade relations with Communist China.

It is far too early to predict Japan's future role in Asia, for much depends on such questions as a Japanese peace treaty, reparations, and the policy the United States pursues there. But it is clear that the United States cannot go on occupying and supporting Japan forever, and that Sino-Japanese relations must sooner or later find their own level.

With the collapse of the Kuomintang, we have lost most of our power to influence events in China directly. For the present, we have to work out our Chinese policy primarily *around* China, rather than *in* China. No matter what kind of policy we adopt in Asia, however, we will fail unless we take cognizance of two main forces—nationalism and the urge to a higher standard of living. In applying our Asiatic policy, we must also bear in mind that the pay-off in the long run is going to be in terms of performance, not platitudes. If we are to apply any platitudes, the Golden Rule is about the best we have.

—Henry R. Lieberman

Hawaii

'Pilikia' in Paradise

"How sad it is to think of the millions who have gone to their graves in this beautiful land and never knew there was a hell."
—Mark Twain

"There's no real trouble here," said the politician, somewhat belligerently. "Give us ten years and we'll solve our problems. And all by ourselves—without all you *malihini* [stranger] newspapermen and joy-riding Congressmen who came buzzing through Honolulu like John Gunther went through Painted Post." He reached for the tall rum cooler in the hollow pineapple, and the stylized banana fronds on the bosom of his sport shirt quivered. "All by ourselves," he repeated. "This is Hawaii; no *pilikia*."

The pidgin phrase "no *pilikia*"—it means "no trouble"—is often on the lips of Hawaii's *kamaainas* (old-timers). Unfortunately, neither it nor the rest of the politician's remarks has been valid since the close of the Second World War. (He was a Democrat, a member of the territory's perpetually out-of-office and presently divided minority, but a Republican politician might say the same things.) Hawaii has "plenty *pilikia*." If the mainlander misunderstands the islands, it is probably Hawaii's fault.

Nourished on the full-page, four-color advertisements of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, the average *malihini* debarks from his ship or plane convinced that he is entering a slightly civilized heaven overgrown with lush tropical flowers and populated mostly by sleek, dusky Polynesian maidens in grass skirts and *leis*. It is true that the five outside islands — outside Oahu (Honolulu)—pretty much conform to this picture physically. But the tourist is disappointed by Waikiki at once, and soon realizes that Gaugin is a more reliable reporter on Polynesia than the Visitors Bureau.

Except for the natural cyclorama and backdrop, the Polynesian atmosphere is maintained largely by a group of professional Hawaiians—musicians, *hula* girls, and fat Kanaka *lei* sellers. The visitor usually plunges in by purchasing a ukulele, gamely attempting to eat *poi*, and essaying the *hula*, blithely unaware that this mildly erotic dance had its origin in an ancient Hawaiian ceremonial game which one could decorously describe only as the registered-letter version of "Post Office."

The old-timer, on the other hand, is nothing if not provincial; to the *kamaaina*—the word means "child of the land"—these islands are neither tourist haven nor military outpost, although the formerly huge service payrolls are sorely missed. They are, simply, one of the best places in the world to live, grow sugar and pineapples (and import almost every necessity of life), vote Republican, and raise a family.

A historian of the South Pacific once remarked that Hawaii is too small, self-conscious, and vulnerable to be able to be objective about itself. He didn't say why. But he might well have added that this hypersensitivity would probably never have developed if Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Louisiana had never planted sugar cane, or Colorado the sugar beet. Hawaii's welfare has been solidly tied, for better or worse, to sugar, almost since April 4, 1820—the day the Boston brig *Thaddeus* lowered a longboat off Kailua, on the

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island of Hawaii. (Later, and to a somewhat lesser degree, Hawaii began to depend on pineapples.)

In the boat were seven Down East Yankee Congregationalists and their wives and children. Mammon, in the collective persons of whalers, sailors from men-of-war, and sandalwood traders, had been well represented in the islands for some time; Jehovah was making a tardy entrance.

How these missionaries, undoubtedly handpicked in Boston for their soul-saving talents, and instructed not to dabble in native politics or commerce, gained the power that their progeny still wield has never been completely or objectively told. While some sixty thousand dark-skinned heathen were baptized in the first sixty years of the mission's history, five missionaries had entered the native government within a single generation. A number of others bought up thousands of acres and began cautious planting experiments with sugar and other crops, and got into the importing business.

By the 1840's sugar had become Hawaii's primary crop. The planters began looking for more land, naturally in short supply in island communities. In 1848 the king and the dozen-odd feudal chieftains who held the bulk of arable land in suzerainty were persuaded to agree to a great *mahele*—a wholesale division of land. So came to Polynesia the original conception of the freehold, or land parcel, held in fee simple. Ostensibly the scheme aimed at saving large tracts from the hands of the grasping *haole* (the term rhymes with how-lee; translates literally "foreigner"; modern Hawaii uses it interchangeably with "white man").

Curiously, in view of the traditional picture of the British Raj, only the then incumbent British consul held that the lands ought to be transferable solely by government sanction—a practice which preserved many fertile acres for the Maoris of New Zealand and the Fiji Islanders.

Before long, enterprising *haoles*, missionaries and sons of missionaries among them, had wheedled the unsuspecting natives, who needed little more than a *taro* patch to supplement their fishing, out of their lands.

Hawaii's first code of laws, Yankee style, was drawn up in the late 1820's. Aimed at enabling the missionary-advised government to punish recalcitrant whites, this first code and some of the *haole*-inspired documents which followed it would have curled Jefferson's red hair. The preface to the original code reads: ". . . no law shall be enacted which is at variance with the word of the Lord Jehovah." A few years later, a missionary journal came up with this conception of the church-state relationship: "The state, deriving all its powers from God, both rulers and subjects being bound to do God's will, and its chief magistrate being emphatically God's minister, ought to be, and in an important sense is, a religious institution."

In the 1860's, the American Civil War, the discovery of petroleum, and a typhoon combined to eliminate sugar's sole remaining commercial rival—whaling. For many years the Pacific right-whale fleet had been based on Honolulu. (Melville and his Ishmael cruised this way; in the 1840's, the author of *Moby Dick* clerked a few shoreside months away on the Honolulu beach.) There was no longer any market for sperm oil; the marauding Confederate vessel *Shenandoah* sank whalers all over the Pacific; and the typhoon and the Arctic ice destroyed

SUGAR
See BEAUTIFUL HAWAII!
ENCHANTED ISLES OF CONTENTMENT
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the rest. From here on in, Hawaii's economy has been based on its own products—sugar and pineapples.

Jumping the tariff wall to California proved simple: A Reciprocity Treaty was arranged in 1876 with the United States in return for naval-base privileges at Pearl Harbor. And transplanted Yankee shrewdness proved equal, as well, to the mounting need for centralization. It gave birth to the Big Five (Castle & Cooke, Ltd.; C. Brewer & Co., Ltd.; Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.; Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd.; and American Factors, Ltd.)—Hawaii's dominant and ubiquitous factoring-holding companies whose central offices are within shadow's length of one another in the business section of Honolulu.

The factor system—the process of acting as buying and selling agent for the planter—is common in colonial areas, Britain's Hudson's Bay and East India companies being cases in point. But the Big Five went on to build what is very likely the most remarkable pyramidal system of corporate enterprise under the American flag.

Today, these five corporations control virtually all of the sugar, and most of the pineapple, industry. They have a finger in almost every other lucrative Hawaiian enterprise. A partial list includes the Matson Navigation Company, Hawaii's principal sea-carrier; a sugar refinery in California; three irrigation companies; three banks; five public utilities; an inter-island airline and surface carrier; a communications company; several insurance companies; two radio stations; the territory's largest department store; and a host of miscellaneous businesses.

Solid commercial dominance on this scale usually leads to political control; it did so in Hawaii. Pursuing an openly stated policy of "divide and rule," the Big Five ran the territory, benevolently but firmly, acting always on the principle that what was best for sugar and pineapples was best for Hawaii. Honolulu's present mayor, John H. Wilson, an eyewitness of the 1893 opera bouffé revolution which deposed Hawaii's last monarch—Queen Liliuokalani—and set up the Provisional Government that preceded annexation, says "the whole business was engineered for a two-cent rise in the price of sugar."

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that pre-Pearl Harbor Hawaii gave short shrift to labor organizers. In 1937, an NLRB trial examiner said: "The mores of the territory provide no place for a union . . . consequently activity looking toward such union organization and moves toward it which are commonplace on the mainland become endowed with portentous and revolutionary significance when seen through island eyes. It is not a healthy condition."

Early organizing difficulty lay chiefly in the fact that Hawaii's population is easily the world's most cosmopolitan. For more than a century, workers poured into the territory from China, Japan, the Azores and the Madeira Islands, Spain, Portugal, Korea, and the Philippines. Until V-J Day, neither the CIO nor the AFL had done more than dent the surface.

The Pearl Harbor disaster and ensuing martial law, the harshly restrictive labor policies of the military, and the sudden influx of already organized workers from the mainland, reversed the concept. Here and there even a Big Five executive was said to have allowed that a union might be lived with—a remark, one observer said, which might be compared to a rendition of the "Internationale" by the late Andrew Mellon.

Almost overnight, as a result of the switch, Hawaiian management, the bulk of which retains its prewar outlook, found itself neck-deep in union trouble. And with the left-wing International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union—Harry Bridges, president—at that. In self-defense the Big Five backed formation of an employers' group—the Hawaii Employers Council—and hired mainland industrial and labor-relations experts.

Bridges, already in control of the dockers, retaliated by organizing everything in sight: the sugar and pineapple hands and the cannery workers. Caught off base by the ILWU's speed,

the AFL nevertheless managed to line up the teamsters and many of the craft and service workers.

It is difficult to say where Hawaii is going. The edicts of the Employers Council bind the business community; those of Bridge's lieutenants — who have definitely won the longshore strike, achieved near wage parity with West Coast stevedores, and pegged contract expiration for both areas on the same date—line up labor.

The independent citizen (there are a few) gets plenty of advice: The American Legion and several civic groups born during the strike assure him that the strike was directed from the Kremlin. These outfits imported Elizabeth Bentley and Dr. John Matthews, chief investigator for the old Dies Committee, last summer to keynote a seminar on Communism.

The newspapers say that Hawaii is, at very long last, going to become a state, even though Delegate Joseph R. Farrington, a Republican, and a doughty statehood supporter, will probably eschew Washington for his Honolulu newspaper after the next election. At any rate, it looks as if Hawaii is going to have its own Un-American Activities Committee.

The ILWU tells the independent citizen that one-sixth of his fellows are out of work; that Hawaii is overpopulated; that the pineapple canneries are plotting to replace many more workers with machinery; and that he is politically a eunuch. But, it adds, he has "nothing to fear but fear itself."

The independent citizen is quite confused. Even his pleasures are not what they used to be; his third annual Aloha Week has still to attain the stature of Mardi Gras, and while the trade winds temper the tropic sun as they have always done, the legislature has recently decided that he will have to pay for the privilege of fishing.

He is leaning, simultaneously, in a number of directions. If the confident Democrat whose remarks open this piece really wants "no *pilikia*," he would do well to remember that reform usually comes from below, since the man who holds four aces seldom screams for a new deal. Or he might call to mind an ancient Polynesian proverb: "Canoe is not swamped by the outside wave but by the inside wave."

—LYMAN JONES

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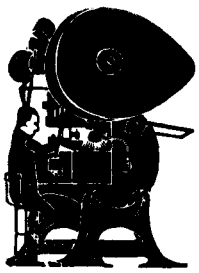
The Machine

Power Anonymous



A man drives his car into a Detroit garage for a simple carburetor adjustment; he tells the mechanic that he works in the line that produced this very automobile, but since he is on spring-assembly the motor is naturally beyond him. His job has taught him nothing whatever about the end-product to which his own repetitive motions have been essential.

This example may be multiplied indefinitely throughout the field of mechanized mass production. The worker who, day after day, puts a nut on a bolt and does not even tighten it (this is done by another as the conveyor moves on), and is too constantly absorbed to learn about any of the other operations in the factory, cannot associate himself with any finished object. He loses the creative pride felt by the carpenter, blacksmith, automobile mechanic, cobbler, and plumber. His social status in the community is lower than that of the barber or bartender. His boss is, or seems to be, not a person, but the clock, the conveyor, a sequence of machines. His only compensations for his losses are his pay and the union local. The local and the larger organization behind it are his only "background of power," immediately represented by the shop steward.

Let us consider, for example, the millions of women who send for an expensive serviceman the instant Bing Crosby's voice fades on the speakers of their receiving sets. Many of them worked at one time eight or more hours a day making parts for wartime radios. After years of handling tubes or coils or filters or antennas, they haven't the faintest understanding of the combined practical function of the parts in the set, nor have they learned, or ever wanted to learn, anything of theory.

It is not surprising, then, that the wholly nontechnical housewife, for whom "help" has become an archaic term along with a dozen other commonplaces of her grandmother's time, is confounded by her mechanical servants. The force that heats the house and the range, washes the dishes and the clothes, sweeps the floors, freezes or cools the perishable food, and toasts the bread was a mysterious force to her grandmother. Now its mystery is taken for granted, except when the gadgets don't work. Normally, the new servants are far more docile than the old. They don't ask for Thursday nights off. They make no complaint if strenuous effort is demanded of them at three in the morning; they instantly obey every order; there is no bargaining over their wages, no need for discretion in their presence. Yet at unexpected moments, one or all of these workers will go on strike for reasons wholly inscrutable to their mistresses.

The husband is then called in—a resort which, in grandfather's day, was required only when the cook brandished a bottle in one hand and the carving knife in the other. The husband may find a fuse which has been insulted by overloads, or a plug yanked out of its socket by the cord. But the prevailing legend that men are always more fit than women to cope with these incidents bears scrutiny only on the most elementary level. As a rule, the male—after some pompous experiment which may invalidate an entire circuit—will protest that he used to know all about these things, but today they have become so complex that only the expert can diagnose and cure them.

It would be absurd to make an issue of women's failures with machinery—though they were once exceedingly adroit in the management of churns, spinning wheels, home looms, and, later, even Howe's and Singer's devices, motivated by the feet. Yet the simple illustration of a housewife imputing unknowable magic to the force which so immeasurably relieves her burdens is only an introduction to a condition that may imperil civilization. Other illustrations will reveal the existence of an attitude which has made the old Frankenstein myth a controlling superstition, and divided humanity into two widely unequal parts, which we may designate as a priesthood and its terrified flock.

The extreme example of production by workers wholly ignorant of their product was the making of the first atomic bombs. For security reasons, the ignorance was carefully planned. Individual workers not only were kept unaware of the purpose of their work, but often had no knowledge of what their shop neighbors were doing or why. Secrecy through ignorance (outside a particular operation or part of an operation) was maintained even on the higher levels of skill.

When the public was finally told some of the facts, the whole performance was hailed as an almost incredible feat of organizational genius. Yet to those who had studied the history of mass production it was merely a peak of normal evolution. It had become possible, not through the secret councils of war, but through steady peacetime progress dating from the start of Ford's assembly line for the Model-T—a progress which moved constantly toward the anonymity of workers in a vast machine complex. Far from being secret, this evolution was accompanied by enormous publicity. Millions of visitors to Detroit watched auto-assembly lines at work, and millions of others saw models of them at World's Fairs. Unfortunately most of those who saw and read of these things

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were entertained rather than educated, and looked upon mass production as a performance of magic far beyond their effort or impulse to understand.

The crucial fact about atomic-bomb production is not that it was achieved, but that it was possible. A generation before, it would have been scarcely thinkable, however much we might have known about the scientific theory. In the earlier time, a worker would have known how to do several jobs instead of only a fraction of one job, and would have had a larger background of technical knowledge and skill in the use of machine tools. He would also have had more initiative, more interest, and consequently more acquaintance with the whole production sequence. Since he had, also, a measure of pride, total secrecy would have been impossible to maintain.

Naturally, the mechanical ignoramus, using a machine for which he never has to make any but minor repairs, never becomes less ignorant or takes the slightest interest in how his device works. In fact, he frequently comes, in his subconscious mind, to endow the machine with a will and personality of its own. A large proportion of mankind credits an abstraction, The Machine, with mastery over man, and even with evil intent. Never have machines been, in fact, man's more abject slaves. They start and stop at the touch of a finger or even at a passing shadow. They rarely "run away" as they once did, and they are recalcitrant only after the grossest abuse. Yet there is a prevailing half-conscious delusion that machines are some day going to gang up on humanity and destroy it.

The reason for this is obvious. The men who actually control a vast machine sequence, along with the inventive engineers, have been pushed into a remote, anonymous background. No one knows precisely who designs and motivates the large-scale machinery which is called automatic. It may be a "corporation" (a device specifically invented for anonymity) or a War Department or a *Politburo*, all of which serve as aliases for individuals. The inventors have been replaced by units called industrial laboratories. The workers, who, in 1920, bitterly accused Henry Ford of "speeding up" the assembly conveyors, would now have to accuse "management," and attack it through an equally anonymous mass labor organization. Every individual may pass the buck to an abstraction.

The reasons for the fear become more obvious when war or the threat of totalitarian domination comes. We have seen how almost endless machine sequences can be operated in collective ignorance under an infinitesimally small group of conscious commanders, with the aid of a mysterious scientific priesthood. If the result is an atomic bomb, who is responsible? No longer a person, for persons are now nameless. An abstraction, then? A "nation?"

These are perilous attitudes. If we endow The Machine with godhead because we think it unknowable, then in time we shall be remade in its image. In fact, it is not only knowable, but completely known by an infinitesimal fraction of society. Knowable gods always fall when, at last, they are recognized as little men with fickle humors and fallible digestions. At present, automatic machines grouped by mass-production strategy have pushed man so far back that he is often invisible in the shadow of his giant creations. The machines have not only embodied one after another of the human skills, but they have been made to perform, virtually without supervision, feats of precision far beyond the skills of eye and hand. For millennia, of course, the human mind has reached beyond bodily capacity: Now it bends most of the elemental forces to its will. But man is still the background of power: His is the thought and the intent, however much machinery may reproduce and amplify it. We keep forgetting the absurdly obvious fact that, though the little figure at the microphone, for example, whose voice instantly reaches every corner of the conscious world, may be a Hitler or a Stalin, he may also (if we believe in a Second Coming) be Jesus Christ.

Are there answers to this perhaps critical dilemma? Education is the one most often given. Peter Drucker has said that our education for life in an industrial society is "pre-industrial." A really comprehensible, practical understanding of electricity, say (including "electronics") is given only to those who intended to become specialists. The schoolboy or girl is inundated with textbook history, formulated rhetoric, classical literature, or obsolete economic theory to the almost total exclusion of the theory and practice by which he is fed, clothed, transported, informed, and amused.

How much are children taught in schools about the simple but wonderful commonplaces which surround them and which they must use: automobiles, elevators, sliced bread, refrigerators, television, air transport, the machine sequence in which their similarly uninstructed father earns his and their mysterious livelihood? What is taught of the long history of invention, of man's "conquest" of the physical forces which have brought these things into reality? No, the perfected devices are just there—like the fruits in the Garden of Eden, though at least Adam was told that a thoughtful God had created both him and them, not that they existed by accident in a world out of the blue.

The education of the technician, engineer, and scientist is no less defective. Whatever he may have learned in pri-

'After all, wouldn't you think a nation that could produce the atomic bomb—'

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mary or secondary school about society and the human beings who compose it, he promptly forgets in his specialized learning. His entire focus is on the machine. He must go on inventing, not for social usefulness, but in a social vacuum: The invention can be made; therefore it must be, regardless of whether it has any conceivable logical use. If the inventor is employed, as he almost always is, by a manufacturing corporation, there is a sales department equipped with every hypnotic device for stimulating jaded consumer appetites to force it into sale. These thousands of inventions complicate life for the individual, stultify his imagination, preclude reflective thought, divert attention from social crisis, concentrate attention on The Machine, often dislocate employment. The engineer, forever retooling for evanescent design, can no longer remember the humanities, and holds an ignorant contempt for the arts.

Yet at this late date there is a heartening awakening to these conditions. Such schools as the Cooper Union are insisting on education in the humanities parallel with technical instruction. Industrialists are paying attention to the social problems of workers. Investigations into what makes the worker tick—such as those of Dr. Elton Mayo—are increasing. Dr. Mayo conducted some fifteen years of patient experiment in the Hawthorne works of the Western Electric Company. During three of these years he worked with one production team of six girls. He lengthened and shortened work hours, installed and removed rest intervals with refreshment, altered lighting and equipment. Regardless of these devices, production steadily increased. The only possible conclusion was that the girls did a better job because they knew someone was interested in them.

In many directions, there is effort to alleviate the harder conditions of mass production. New technics are being introduced more slowly, cautiously, to avoid technological employment. Aptitude tests and careful interviews are carried on with new employees. The long lag between the technical and the social inventor is being shortened. Is it too late? This is unlikely. Civilization has survived many crises by changes in behavior patterns.

—Roger Burlingame

California

Dust Is An Ugly Word

On the west side of California's great San Joaquin Valley, in the heart of a billion-dollar agricultural empire, "dust" is an ugly four-letter word. Though frantic chambers of commerce act threateningly toward any newspaper which permits the ominous term, "dust bowl," in its columns, no amount of censorship can ever lay the great dirty clouds which swirl over the valley. In some spots the land no longer supports any wildlife—not even jackrabbits or rattlesnakes. The only thing that moves there is the soil.

The land in San Joaquin is hot, dry and thirsty, and its crying need is for an adequate water supply to sustain thousands of irrigated farms. Each year these farms use considerably over a million more acre-feet of water than nature can replace, and the underground water table drops deeper. So each year desperate farmers shove well casings ever deeper after it.

Water has dominated the minds of the valley's people for so long that only recently have they realized that as their water vanishes, so does their soil. This is a familiar, bitterly-learned pattern of nature to those who came to California to escape the drought-stricken Midwest, and the faces of the thoughtful are creased with worry.

The valley may not become a dust bowl this year or the next, but nature has taken its first step toward punishing man for abusing its resources. Its weapon is the wind. Already two million acres of California land have been damaged by wind erosion, according to U.S. Soil Conservation Service experts. Much of this land is in the San Joaquin Valley, and the damage increases each day the wind blows.

The "dusters," which rise in the west and sweep east over the valley's mushrooming communities, carry off hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of topsoil, and are dense enough to darken the noonday sun. Motorists slow down to a crawl, and navigate through the murk by watching for the faintly visible crosstrees of telephone poles. Often, under highway patrol orders, or in fear of a collision, they pull over to the side and, with windows sealed and handkerchiefs over their faces, they sweat out the storm.

A good "duster" may last up to twelve hours, and a few have lasted sixteen. More than one car has had its paint blasted off by high-velocity sand, and most telephone poles have been sandblasted white on the windward side. Dunes line the roads in desolate areas and drift across them when the wind blows, so that signs reading Drifting Sand Dangerous But Passable are common, and snow fences—in a land which has never had any snow—are used to pin down migratory sandbanks.

Aside from erosion itself, "dusters" cause heavy damage to crops by clipping new growth off at ground level or smothering it under a blanket of dust. Underground crops such as potatoes have suddenly been brought to the surface when covering topsoil whisked away, while other produce has been so dirtied by dust deposits that it has dropped considerably in value.

Machines as well as farm crops lose out in the continual war against dust. At the pumping stations that keep oil moving through the north-south pipe lines that lace the valley, maintenance costs have mounted steadily as the airborne abrasive has worked on motors and machinery.

The dust has an abrasive effect on men, too. For the crews who struggle to keep the oil stations going, the constant swirling particles are more hate-

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ful than valley heat or loneliness. For the people who live in the San Joaquin area, apart from the sheer annoyance of eating and breathing dust, it has become a health hazard.

Sore eyes, "dust coughs," aggravated sinuses, and similar ailments are common, with babies and small children proving particularly susceptible in some sections. In addition, the wind which bears the dust also bears the spores of a fungus—traced to hay, cotton, and grape particles—which causes San Joaquin Valley fever, an ailment few inhabitants have avoided. Okies call it "the bumps" because it raises large swellings on hands and feet, but in actual fact the fever resembles pulmonary tuberculosis. One rare form, typified by bone lesions and ulcers, is nearly always fatal, and recently several women died of it during or after childbirth.

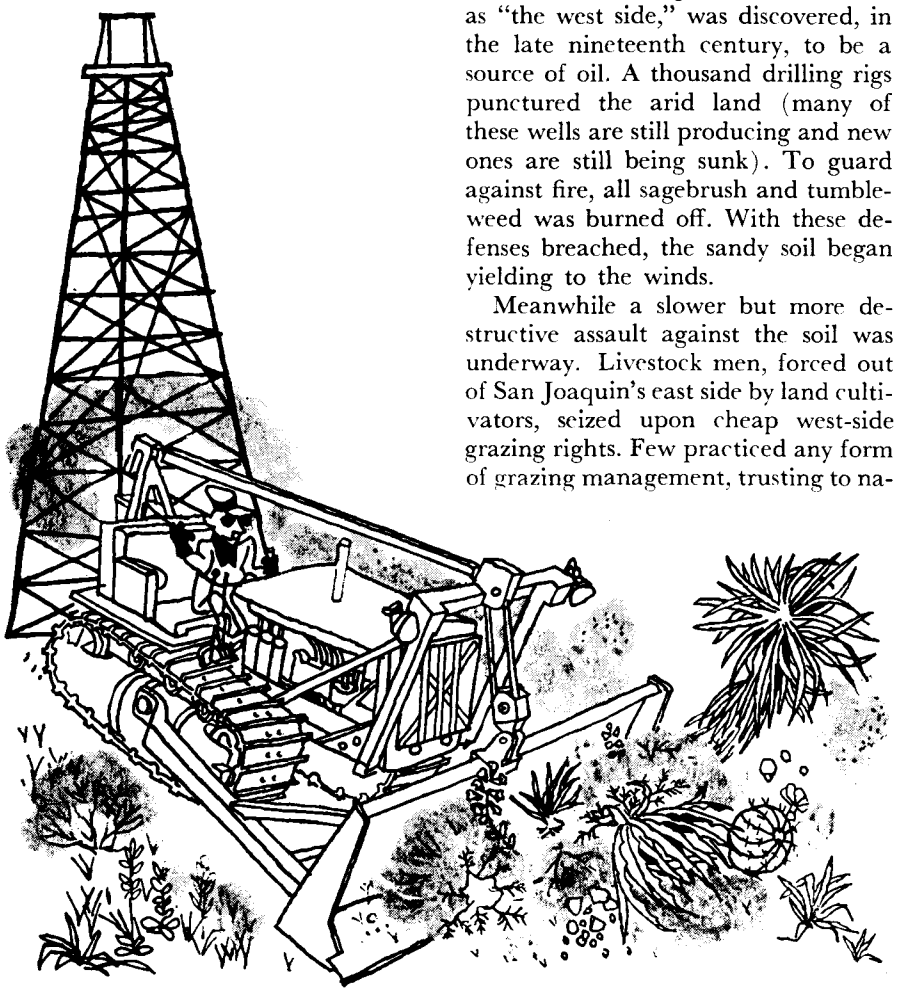
The people who eat this dust and bulldoze its great drifts away after a storm blame it on "the dry spell." It is true that this is the fourth year of abnormally low rainfall in the valley, but that streak of bad luck alone could not have brought the dust. It has been increasing at a slowly accelerating rate, over a period of forty years, abetted by a vast and complex combination of circumstances.

Three natural phenomena combined to produce the dust, once man upset nature's delicate balance. These were the dry climate, the winds which sweep over the coastal range from the Pacific, and the quality of the topsoil.

Rainfall, never heavy in the San Joaquin area, diminishes in volume as it moves down the 250-mile valley; winds, following the same path, pick up speed and power. The soil, a magnificently fertile sandy loam, breaks up under cultivation into particles as fine as flour. The combination is dangerous.

This is most apparent in the southern part of the valley. A dry and therefore practically uncultivated fifty-mile-wide strip, lying between U.S. Highway 99 and the coast range, and referred to as "the west side," was discovered, in the late nineteenth century, to be a source of oil. A thousand drilling rigs punctured the arid land (many of these wells are still producing and new ones are still being sunk). To guard against fire, all sagebrush and tumbleweed was burned off. With these defenses breached, the sandy soil began yielding to the winds.

Meanwhile a slower but more destructive assault against the soil was underway. Livestock men, forced out of San Joaquin's east side by land cultivators, seized upon cheap west-side grazing rights. Few practiced any form of grazing management, trusting to nature to replace the forage their herds cropped each year.



Then the Second World War sent meat prices into the stratosphere, and all thoughts of grazing management were trampled under the hooves of more and more thousands of cattle. Finally, in 1946, "the dry spell" began. The west-side grazing land, cropped to the roots, could no longer hold out against the wind. In bigger and bigger clouds the dried-out, pulverized earth went whirling into the air, leaving behind the naked land.

Now, in the fourth year of "the dry spell," the wind has captured a quarter of a million acres that once were grazing grounds. Recently, alarmed valley residents sent a soil scientist to survey the barren stretch. His conclusions were somber. In places where grazing has been stopped, erosion hasn't. The wind, picking up sandy soil wherever grazing has left it bare, flings it against the vegetation bordering the bald area and thus scours it too, spreading the wasteland still farther.

Water alone might check the progressive deterioration, the experts say, but prospects for rain remain unpromising, and the underground water supply has dropped beyond reach. Worse yet, even if rain fell it would be no immediate cure, because successive overgrazing has robbed the land of its nitrogen and almost sterilized it. The only way to restore the soil's fertility would be to set the area aside, pray for rain, and neither graze nor cultivate it for many years.

The bulk of this wasteland lies in Kern County. In true high-wide-and-handsome Western tradition, this county is as big as Massachusetts, and enormously rich both in oil and in agriculture. Last year's farm income was $166 million, and the county still hopes to better that in time to become America's No. 2 farm county in the 1950 census.

Only this year, however, did Kern officials grow uneasy enough about the threat to their farm wealth to start investigating the problem. They wound up with a set of statistics that left "dry-spell" theorists high and dry in their contention that rainfall would quickly end the valley's troubles.

For one thing, Kern farmers bank on six inches of rain a year, which is little enough, considering their poor

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underground water supply, but a study of sixty years of weather records revealed that rainfall had not come up to the six-inch expectation in thirty-two of the past sixty years.

Furthermore, over a decade the rainfall trend has gone down, with 1947 setting a record low: 2.68 inches. County officials were left with no reasonable hope for enough rain to restore the damage, even assuming water alone would suffice. On the contrary, the evidence was unmistakable that during the decade not only had the number of "dusters" increased, but both their velocity and duration had increased as well.

The statistics also dispelled the myth of a dust "season." Over the years, weather-bureau records revealed storms in every month from January through December. The heaviest and most frequent occurred in March, April, May, June, October, and November, but there were plenty of exceptions even to that pattern.

The Kern Chamber of Commerce limited circulation of the statistical report as well as it could, but valley representatives in the California Legislature began protesting that the dust problem was beyond county control, and the state had better take action.

Not all the west-side dust comes from abandoned grazing areas. During certain seasons brown clouds rise up from valley farms that produce the crop that leaves land most vulnerable to wind erosion: cotton. Most of California's million acres of cotton are in San Joaquin, and a year ago the valley's yield was 950,000 bales, worth about $200,000,000.

The price is high, the market is good, and with Federal support California cotton men—in spite of current acreage limitations—are making a killing. But cotton, in some respects, is killing their land. Its thirst has drastically lowered the valley's water table, and continual cropping drains the soil's fertility. Moreover, cotton is an annual crop, which means that each year too much farmland is cleared to billiard-table smoothness for a new planting, and is thus temporarily wide open to the wind. Farmers kid one another about "wandering fields" that "take off every time the wind rises."

This isn't at all funny to real farmers, but many valley cotton growers are

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businessmen with just capital enough to develop west-side lands. They live comfortably in town, drive to their farms in Cadillacs, and probably haven't a pair of bib overalls among them. Since most of them hold their land under short-term development leases, they must make their investments pay off in a hurry. Consequently they turn to the great cash crop, cotton, without the slightest regard for such permanent considerations as soil fertility and future productivity.

The counterpart of the absentee farmer is the absentee owner. West-side land belongs chiefly to banks, railroads, oil companies, or uninterested people in Pasadena who acquired it to get at the oil under it. Any income the land now brings through cotton leases is largely gravy, and few owners worry about soil erosion.

They may start worrying soon. San Joaquin's farmers are running a race against a dwindling water supply, praying for quick completion of the mighty Central Valley Project. But the CVP, still years away, will never provide water on the scale that cotton men need it, particularly since Federal legislation stipulates a 160-acre limitation on farms receiving benefits.

That, however, is the future. For the present, jittery farmers are talking soil conservation, and Grange members, realizing the necessity for joint action to keep San Joaquin land anchored to the ground, have taken their problems to both the U. S. Soil Conservation Service and the Agricultural Extension Service of California University.

Both services endorse such practices as planting of windbreaks, cross-wind plowing, crop rotation, perennial instead of annual crops, and—for ruined grazing land—simply letting it alone.

The Agricultural Extension Service, distressed by the dust problem, hopes that an increasing number of farmers will take its advice on conservation farming. The Soil Conservation Service, equally distressed, but convinced that individual efforts are unequal to the task, advises district unification for a co-ordinated attack against wind erosion. Whatever the ruggedly individualistic west-side farmers do, they must do it quickly. Their time—and their water and soil—are running out.

—GORDON PATES

Illinois

'You Own Your Own Mine'

I found Glenridge somewhat by accident. It was betrayed by a wooden arrow pointing west from Illinois Highway 51 and bearing the simple legend: "Glenridge Baptist Church."

Glenridge, with a population of 350, more or less, is also known as Junction City. The coal miners there call it Glenridge because it is a byproduct of the Glenridge Mine. The Illinois Central Railroad refers to it only as Junction City because it lies north a little way from the junction of the road's main and branch lines. On the maps it appears sometimes as one, sometimes as the other, and frequently not at all.

Whatever confusion the dual name might cause the stranger is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants. They don't like strangers, and they are busy running their own mine.

A mile of rutted cinder road, pocked with water-filled holes, leads to the church, the most substantial and the newest structure in the community. The village itself appears around a curve as a double row of low frame buildings along a central street.

The street ends at a concrete ice house, and from there a path winds around the structure to the mine tipple and the office. The office is the ground floor of a weatherbeaten farmhouse. I arrived there on a rainy December morning.

Since 1940, the Glenridge Mine has been a co-operative enterprise doing business as the Marion County Coal Mining Corporation. The miners have been squeezed harder each year since 1946 by the annual tests of attrition between the United Mine Workers and the organized operators. When the UMW calls a strike, the 165 workers of Glenridge, who are all union members, walk out of the mine in which 120 of them are stockholders.

The mine president, clad in overalls, was shuffling through some papers on his desk behind the counter. He is Robert Gore, a light-haired young man in his early thirties, with tense gray eyes and an attitude of rigid hostility toward strangers. Before becoming president, Gore was superintendent of the mine. When his term expires, he may go back to the pits and dig coal with the rest of the mine's stockholders or he may be re-elected to his executive post.

Mr. Gore had given me no sign of recognition.

"Are you Mr. Gore?" I asked.

"I may be," he said, without looking up.

"I called you from Centralia," I said.

Gore did not answer. The telephone rang and he answered, turning his back.

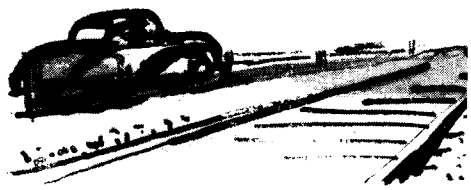
"We have to get those screenings out this afternoon," he said. "We have to, that's all there is to it."

When he hung up, I asked why the men were working on the Saturday of a three-day work week.

"I told you when you called you might get run off the place," Gore said. "We don't want strangers around here. There's only one reason we figure they come. To get us in trouble with the union or with the operators."

I asked what kind of trouble. The mine president referred the situation to a member of the board in a back room.

"Frank," he said. "This man says he



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wants to write us up. You want to tell him anything?"

The voice said it didn't know one way or the other. After an interval, it added: "Just tell him to get the hell back where he come from. He can make it up if he wants to. Will anyway."

Gore put on a dark-blue miner's cap, as though preparing to leave. But he still sat there, drumming a yellow pencil on the desk and looking out the window.

A middle-aged man entered the front room from the rear of the house, apparently to see Gore about something. He looked at me quickly over his glasses and seemed to change his mind.

"Finding out anything, Mister?" he asked.

There was a guffaw from the back room. The middle-aged man took off his glasses, wiped them, and put them back on. He was G. G. Taylor, the chief clerk, regarded as one of the canniest coal economists in the region.

"It's nothing personal, Mister," he said. "If you be a newspaperman like you say, we haven't nothing to say to you, and that goes double if you be a spy. The only thing the coal miner gets from the press is lies and ridicule. The press is where the big money is, Mister, if you don't know. It speaks for the operators."

Gore spoke to the window:

"I don't know why you pick on us. There are one hundred and twenty co-ops in Illinois, but we're the one that gets picked on. They call us up from the Associated Press and think it's smart to try to get us to say we're striking against ourselves."

"Isn't that what you are doing?" I asked.

"No," said Taylor. "That's another one of their lies. We're members of the United Mine Workers, Mister. We want that pension. That's all the miner has got to look forward to."

"But you're operators, too," I said. "You own your own mine."

"When there's a strike," said Taylor, "we're supposed to strike. That's all I'm saying, Mister, and don't you quote me any different."

"Who do you negotiate with?" I asked.

"Mister," said Taylor, "surely you can see the position we're in. I don't know what you know about coal mining, but if you know anything, you can see the position we're in. We just don't want to talk to you or anybody else about our business."

"Tell him we don't like trespassers," said a voice from the back room.

You won't get nothin' out of them young fellers," said the old man whom I had offered a lift, as we rode toward town. "Town" is Centralia.

The old man wore the uniform of the region, blue overalls and cap. He turned in the seat and glanced through the rear window.

"I believe that green Chevvy be a-followin' you," he said. "Reckon they want to see what you're up to. You kinda caught 'em workin'."

I said that there was nothing to prevent them from negotiating now.

"They could negotiate with theirselves like you say," said the old man. "They'd do it quicker'n easy, but it don't go like that. You smart fellers come here and tell us what to do, and you don't know the first thing.

"Way it goes, they sends a blank contract around to the district office, all signed with their signature. The terms is filled in soon as the district office knows what they are. I understand they're fixin' it up in the next few days. They can work a full week then, but they got to watch the operators, too."

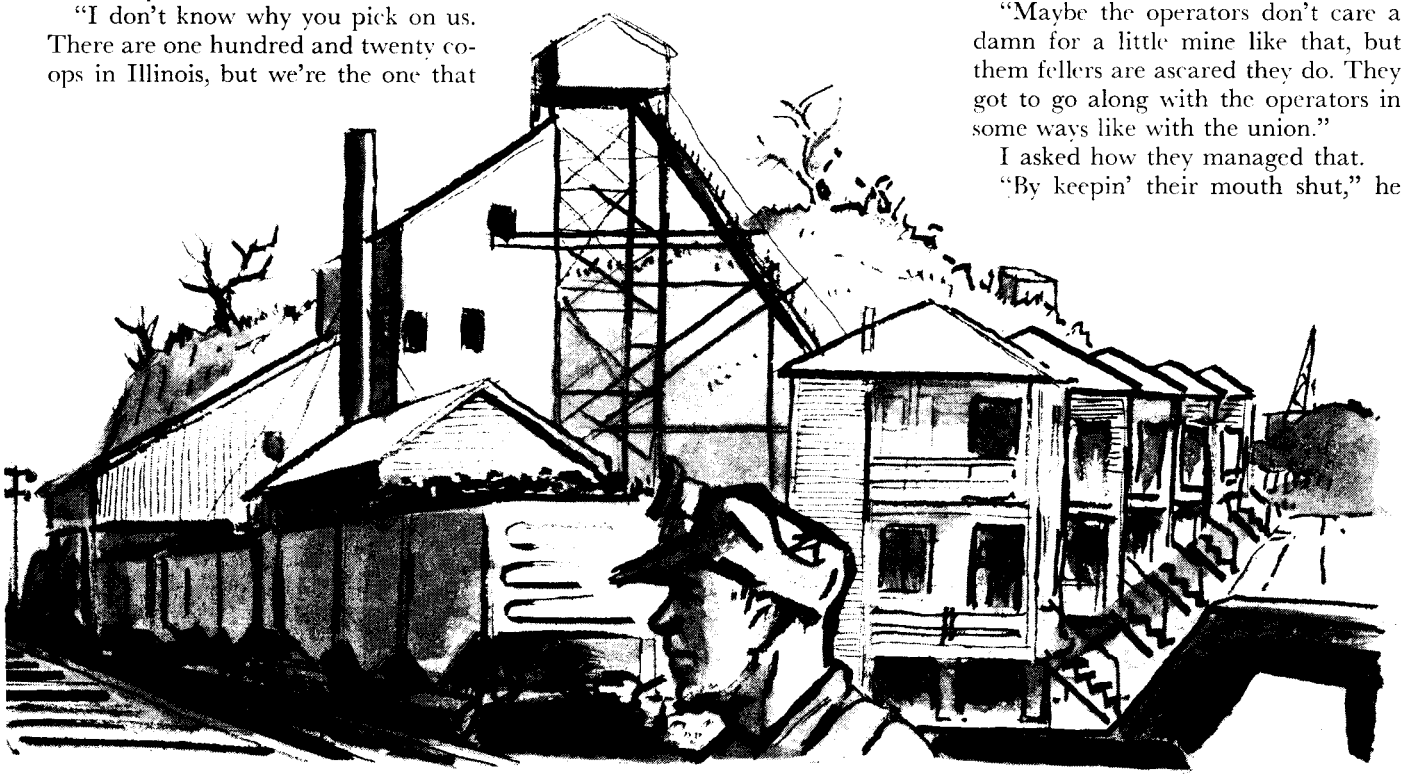
I glanced in the rear-view mirror, and saw the green Chevrolet.

"If you go a-puttin' it in the paper they're workin', the operators are gonna kick. They got several ways to do it. They can squawk the mine raised the price and go in and undersell 'em when they get signed up theirselves. Maybe the operators tell the railroad 'you can't haul that coal from the Marion County Coal Co-Operation,' and the railroad don't haul no coal from the Co-Operation.

"Maybe the operators don't care a damn for a little mine like that, but them fellers are ascared they do. They got to go along with the operators in some ways like with the union."

I asked how they managed that.

"By keepin' their mouth shut," he



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said. "Maybe they pay scale, maybe they don't. Maybe they can't and maybe they got to pay below it to keep the mine open. Don't say I said they don't pay scale but that's the way the little fellers get along. Otherwise they close. I know of several of them that closed last year.

"Winter's comin' on. They got to get coal up out of the ground. Only way to do that is get in and dig it. I'm not sayin' they work Saturdays. I'm not sayin' they work Sundays. I'm sayin' they got to live.

"You look up the history of that mine. That'll tell you something more'n I can."

The Glenridge mine was incorporated by a group of Marion County, Ill., businessmen in 1906, although it had been worked for several years before. The original company issued a thousand shares of stock. Each buyer received a ticket which entitled him to one lot in the town of Glenridge, which was laid out in 1912. Location of the lots was determined by a drawing, and the town has the appearance of haphazard development to this day.

One of the principal stockholders was Dr. Edgar E. Fyke of Centralia, who was the district surgeon for the Illinois Central and had an extensive private practice. When the mine began losing money, he stepped in to take charge of running it.

When Dr. Fyke died in 1929, his interest in the mine went to his widow, who became the largest individual stockholder. During the depression, the mine began operating at a loss. In 1939, the stockholders decided to sell it for junk after failing to obtain a Reconstruction Finance Corporation loan.

Mrs. Fyke; the family of Harry Kohl, who was president of the Old National Bank; and several other stockholders proposed that the miners be given a chance to buy the mine. They agreed to sell the property on the condition that the successful bidder would not necessarily be defined as the highest.

The Glenridge miners submitted a bid of $27,000. It was the lowest of several bids, and $6,000 less than the high bid by a junk dealer. Mrs. Fyke, the Kohls, and the group of stockholders who sided with them, voted to sell to the miners.

"We took a loss," said Mrs. Fyke. "We thought it was the best thing to do for the community."

The co-operative issued stock at a hundred dollars a share, with a limit of two shares per buyer. Miners who wanted to buy, but did not have the cash, worked out their shares.

Under their own management, the Glenridge miners reduced the payroll from 225 to 165 men, 120 of them stockholders. They developed a system to shorten the distance from working faces to the shaft-bottom by a half. Production rose from 189,000 tons in 1939 to 265,000 in 1947, with a peak of 302,000 tons in 1944. The payroll rose from $73,324 in 1940 to $580,655 in 1947.

Like most mines, the Glenridge co-operative prospered during the war. Then in the summer of 1945, the co-operative's troubles began. A cave-in destroyed the air shaft and ventilating equipment and the mine shut down for repairs. When it closed, the 163 men then employed had been raising coal at the rate of 1,440 tons a day, and earning at the rate of $414,088 a year.

The cost of repairing, retimbering, and new equipment came to around fifty thousand dollars—almost twice what the mine had cost.

The mine reopened in January, 1946, and the Glenridge men worked double shifts to relieve the coal shortage in Centralia. When the United Mine Workers struck in April, 1946, the Glenridge miners walked out, then appealed to UMW headquarters in Washington for permission to go back to work.

There is no record they were granted any dispensation, but they were back in the pits at the end of April when they were driven out again, this time by fire and rockfall. Again they repaired the mine and went on digging.

In 1908, a gas explosion in the mine had revealed the existence of the Trenton oil pool in the county. Oil companies had been buying up drilling rights in adjacent land for years. Not long after the co-operative began operations the companies were drilling wells through the mine corridors. Four of the wells leaked gas and salt water.

The co-operative plugged leaks and pumped water out of the mine for two years, until on its appeal the Illinois Mines and Minerals Department halted drilling operations through the mine. This order is still in litigation, but the miners believe they have won their fight against the oil men.

Since they were finally assured of the stability of the co-operative, the miners broke ground with considerable ceremony and built the Glenridge Baptist Church. They gave other evidence that they believed in the future. There was a questionnaire distributed throughout the county by the Centralia *Evening Sentinel*. It asked town officials to list some of the facts about their communities which the newspaper might use for reference. These were the answers that the Glenridge miners finally sent in to the paper:

NAME OF TOWN — Junction City (Glenridge).

CENSUS (1940)—350.

INDUSTRY—Coal Mining.

RAILROADS — Illinois Central and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

PARKS AND RECREATION FACILITIES —None.

THINGS COMMUNITY IS PROUD OF— Coal mine.

"Say," said the old man. "Is that Chevvy still behind us?"

It was.

"Say, let me out at the fillin' station. I'm ascared them fellers might think I been talkin'. Say, if they ask you did I tell you anything, I didn't. Nothin' you can't see for yourself. Let me out here."

He hurried away on a muddy side road. The Chevrolet zipped past and I drove into Centralia. The *Evening Sentinel* was on the street with a report from Washington: The United Mine Workers announced success in signing up a group of Illinois miners. The mines that employed them were not identified.

Inserted in the national story, the newspaper carried a boldface bulletin. It was the announcement from District UMW headquarters that the miners of Glenridge would go back on full shift Monday. It was hardly news, it seemed, in Centralia, where most people know the miners of Glenridge and their peculiar problems. —RICHARD LEWIS

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Books

Magic and Confusion in the Law

Harris & Ewing

Judge Jerome Frank

For about twenty years Judge Jerome Frank has been one of the leading picadors of the law. He bewilders and irritates many members of his profession, but he makes them think. He is a relentless reader and writer, an engaging, curious, and vital human being, and a zealot in the cause of legal reform. His latest book, *Courts on Trial* (Princeton, $5), brings together a variety of his reflections on how to improve the administration of justice. While it is hardly a layman's, even an intelligent layman's, guide to the law, it will give a layman who has already read at least one book about law a good deal of insight into some of the main issues about which lawyers and legal scholars work up temperatures.

In a typical judicial opinion or essay by Judge Frank, allusions and ideas are tumbled about in a conversational flood, salted with footnotes referring to his own earlier works, and to the latest books he has read in a dozen fields. His writing is crammed with Freud, Aristotle, Pascal, and Damon Runyon, as well as philosophers, historians, and sociologists more familiar to his colleagues. The argument is presented with the staccato force of a skilled advocate. His favorite opponents are flayed as legal wizards, believers in magic, anti-rationalists, and other disreputable things. Judge Frank is always willing to take on dragons. If he hasn't slain many, he always gives as many wounds as he gets. He is an influential spokesman for what is generally called the American school of "legal realism."

Mr. Justice Holmes gave "legal realism" in the United States a decisive impetus as far back as 1881, and all our more recent philosophers of law are his students. Legal realism in the Holmesian tradition represents the forces in American life and thought which have found diverse expression in the work of William James, John Dewey, W. C. Mitchell, and Thorstein Veblen. Holmes's realism freed pragmatic and rather anti-philosophic spirits from an older orthodoxy, and gave scope and sanction to their humanitarian quest for salvation through good works. Its positive contribution was to stimulate reform. It has had two negative aspects. One is a persistent naivete about the methods and promise of science in social studies, the other a rather impatient and unsystematic dismissal of ultimate ethical questions, some of which have come back to haunt the pragmatic believers in any action approved by a majority.

The theme of *Courts on Trial* is that the courts are "an immensely important part of our government," virtually unknown to the general public, and that they need a great deal of improvement before we can hope to get from them what we want and should reasonably expect. Judge Frank starts his book with a remark by Judge Learned Hand: "I must say that, as a litigant, I should dread a lawsuit beyond almost anything else short of sickness and death."

Why should Judge Hand, the most thoughtful and the wisest of our judges, entertain such shocking views on the process over which he helps to preside? Judge Frank interprets Hand's comment as an assertion that the process of litigation is far from certain in its results, and that having "a good case" by no means carries an assurance of ultimate victory in the courts.

Judge Frank states his problem in these terms: "Should you ask the average intelligent lawyer to explain briefly the function of our courts, he would probably tell you something like this: 'Our legal system is based on legal rules. Those rules state what may and may not be lawfully done. For instance, the legal rules say that murder is a legal wrong; that, if a man makes a contract, he must live up to it; that, by a certain kind of writing, land is lawfully transferred. The legal rules embody or reflect moral norms, social standards, social policies, community ideals or values. Those rules—some of them made by legislatures and some by the courts—are necessarily general in their scope. The major task of the courts is the specific application, in particular lawsuits, of these general rules to the particular facts of those suits. A court's task thus divides into two parts: First, it finds the facts of a case—whether one man killed another, or drove eighty miles an hour, or paid his rent, or signed a certain paper. Second, it determines what legal rule covers those facts. The court's decision then results.

" 'There are two kinds of courts,' the lawyer would continue. 'One kind, called trial courts (or "lower" or "inferior" courts), performs both parts of the judicial task; they both find the facts and apply the rules. The other kind, the upper courts, appeal courts,

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usually do little about the facts of cases. These courts devote most of their time to deciding, on appeals, whether or not the lower courts, in particular cases, made mistakes about the rules.'

"Having, in that manner, described the courts' function, most books by learned lawyers talk as if the chief difficulty in the job of the courts inheres in determining what rules should be applied, what the rules mean, their extent and interpretation. I think those books are grossly misleading. I grant that sometimes such rule-difficulties exist. Otherwise I, as an 'upper-court' judge, would have almost nothing to do. But the other part of the job of the courts, that part which is assigned almost entirely to trial courts—the ascertainment of the facts of individual lawsuits—presents a far more difficult, a far more baffling, problem. That baffling problem, however, has been bypassed by most of those who have written learned treatises about the judicial process. . . .

"Yet trial-court fact-finding is the toughest part of the judicial function. It is there that courthouse government is least satisfactory. It is there that most of the very considerable amount of judicial injustice occurs. It is there that reform is most needed."

The rules of law, Judge Frank repeats over and over again, have meaning only when applied in particular cases, and by trial courts whose findings of fact can determine the rule to be applied, and thus in most instances the result of the lawsuit. But lawsuits are still in large part trials by combat, in which most of the tricks of warfare are commonly practiced. Our method of conducting trials, he argues, is permeated with magical ideas which he interprets in an anthropological setting. Our faith in the jury ranks with the magic rituals of primitive peoples, and with the medieval attitude toward trial by ordeal.

"The ordeals have taken many forms. There was, for instance, the 'trial by battle', a 'judicial duel' fought under court supervision. This fight, although socially regulated, was still overt warfare, conducted with physical weapons, between the parties to the dispute or their agents. There was also the ordeal by fire, or hot water, or cold water, or the balanced axe, or the suspended sacred object, or by poison, or the morsel, or the scales. In the ordeal of the scales, the accused was weighed in the scales and then removed. The judge then adjured the scales, and the accused was again placed in the balance. If he increased in weight, he was guilty; if his weight was the same or less, his innocence was established. (In passing, recall the modern symbols of justice, the sword and the scales—the fight and the ordeal, shall we say?)." Since trial judges and juries show great discretion in believing or refusing to believe witnesses, and in finding facts in response to their own evaluation of the litigants, the evidence, and the lawyers in a case, Judge Frank concludes that it is pure magic to believe that legal rules, no matter how precisely formulated, significantly control the discretion of trial courts, and "automatically" lead to predictable decisions in lawsuits.

The paradox in Judge Frank's position is that after demonstrating the inescapable element of human chance in the process of trying lawsuits, he joins the legal philosophers whom he has denounced in proposing a variety of measures for making more certain that trial judges closely follow the instructions given them by appellate courts and legislatures. He would abolish juries except in serious criminal cases—a concession to tradition which he nowhere explains. In order to prepare trial judges for a more responsible exercise of their duties, he would give them special professional training, and require them to be psychoanalyzed so as to permit greater objectivity in confronting lawyers and witnesses and a greater degree of control over their own emotions. He would take them out of robes, to remove an element of awe and ritual from the trial process. He would carry forward modern developments in trial practice, which have helped to reduce the element of surprise in civil cases, and add several new procedures, in the interest of making trials a form of research into truth, not a tense game of hide-and-seek.

He would have the government take some responsibility for seeing to it that all practically available evidence is produced at trials, and he would have prosecutors and the police specially trained to higher standards. Above all, he would reform legal education, to persuade lawyers of the importance of trials, and free them from bondage to the law libraries and the opinions of upper courts. Our system of legal education he attributes to the "neurotic escapism" of Dean Langdell, of Harvard. In 1870 Dean Langdell began to revolutionize the pattern of American legal training in ways which seemed to carry over into law study the methods of experimental science popular at the time.

Judge Frank finds Langdell's work an important source of prevailingly unrealistic attitudes toward law among lawyers. They emerge from law school,

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he claims, ideally trained to be appellate court lawyers and judges, but not advocates or judges in trial courts. Finally, he urges that we recognize what is in any event the fact: that trial judges have wide leeway in deciding cases according to their own ideas of ethics and justice. Lawsuits should be "individualized," so that we get away from rigid legal rules, which sometimes work individual injustice, in favor of far more flexible and equitable results. Judge Frank expressly disavows a desire for a system of individual justice without *any* legal rules. But the yearning for strict rules of law, he comments, might be explained in part as "the carry over into adult life of a hankering for the strict rules of the father which, in our kind of society, the young child cherishes as a means of procuring emotional stability." In a more mature civilization, he argues, the power of the father diminishes, and the lenience and indulgence of the mother can be accepted.

Judge Frank is extraordinarily adept at straddling hard questions. He is against juries, but on the other hand would not abolish juries in serious criminal cases. The idea of certainty and predictability in the law is absurd to him, in view of the fact that judges must inevitably decide cases in the light of the structure of their own psyches, and their human response to the people and situations before them. Yet the dominant purpose of his book is to help increase the extent to which actual trials conform to the abstract conceptual vision of what trials ought to be. Legal education should be closer to trial practice, but legal practice should correspond more closely to the law as it is taught in the law schools. Natural law is a dangerously misleading slogan, but the administration of law should frankly give a larger place to ideas of ethics and individual justice.

The supposed conflict between law and justice, which is one of the leitmotivs of Judge Frank's book, is as old as law. The man in the street has always been predisposed to abuse lawyers, and judges; and the slow, pompous, pettifogging process we sometimes find law to be. Nothing infuriates him more than the worship of precedents, complexity and analogy which he finds among lawyers. The intellectual habits of lawyers are maddening evidence to him that the law is a technical game, or, worse, is organized to confuse justice, and often to betray it.

Yet the source of the legal rules which the lawyers are forever reformulating and refining is the principle that like cases should be decided alike. No idea seems more obvious, more reasonable, or more essential to the orderly conduct of a secure and democratic society. To the man in the street, and to Judge Frank as well, "equality before the law" is a slogan worth defending on the barricades. To prove that like cases are being decided alike—or, to give the judges more credit, their effort to decide like cases alike—has led to a prodigious outpouring of written opinions, bringing out the fine points which are supposed to demonstrate the similarity and dissimilarity of cases. In several hundred volumes of published opinions a year (and there are probably as many again written but unpublished), our judges struggle with more and more intricate formulations of the rules which are considered to isolate the essential principles of decisions, and to classify the decided cases into all sorts of rational categories.

Judge Frank contends there is more to law reform than making trials correspond more closely to the norm of legal rules. The rules themselves should not become rigid, excessively complex, or isolated from the main stream of social life. Continuity with the past should not mean slavery to the past. Continuity should be a dynamic process, permitting the adaptation of rules not only to changing social conditions and social ideals, but also to the infinite variety of human situations. The ultimate goal for Judge Frank is not only that cases should be decided according to rules, but that they should be justly decided.

On this level, Judge Frank formulates the major questions, but hardly solves them. What is the source of the ethical ideas to which he would give larger scope in the work of trial judges? By what standard can we claim that it was unjust, despite an Act of Congress and the opinion of the Supreme Court, to incarcerate one hundred thousand Japanese-Americans during the war, without trial or the pretense of trial? What norm permits us to condemn a jury in South Carolina which refuses to convict lynchers?

Are there some elements of the trial process which the courts should hold fixed, no matter what a majority of people at a particular time think? Consider the problem of our criminal trials. They are hedged about with rules of evidence and of procedure developed long ago to protect an accused person against the police power of the state. A man may not be required to testify in his own trial. Evidence obtained without a warrant should not be admitted. Indictment and a jury are required, at least in the Federal courts. Are these ideas primitive rituals sur-

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viving modern law, or prudent bulwarks against totalitarianism? Modern as well as ancient tyrannies dispose of men, and of men's property, without resort to the amenities of a civilized trial.

The autonomy of the individual before the growing power of the state is one of the central problems of modern civilization. It is in the end a legal problem: that is, it can be defined concretely only in terms of the rules which are supposed to determine when and how one can be put into prison. Preservation of the forms of trial cannot, of course, bar tyranny, nor perhaps even long prevent it, if other social forces become dominant. But it is the fear of tyranny in the face of tragic experience which profoundly strengthens the conservatism of judicial and popular opinion about procedure in criminal trials.

It may be irrational, as Judge Frank would contend, to cling to old forms in the United States because elsewhere millions of people have been and are being imprisoned, tortured, and killed without benefit of habeas corpus and trial by jury, or after trials which hardly conform to the standard of the King's Bench or the ordinary American county courthouse. Nonetheless, people will want much more than Judge Frank purports to give before abandoning the ritual of criminal trials for complete dependence on the undefined and variable ethics of trial judges, even perhaps of judges who have been trained according to Judge Frank's severe curriculum.

While Judge Frank does seem to argue for both sides of a good many questions, in the end he supports a policy not of individual justice without law, but of more ethical flexibility in the administration of law. Thus it turns out that he too, like almost everyone else who has ever written about law, yearns for clarity, predictability, and uniformity. He views justice not as the individual wisdom of a local chief settling the affairs of his wives and his tribe, but in considerable part as a body of legal rules, quite uniformly applied. Despite his most valiant efforts to remain an *enfant terrible*, on fundamentals Judge Frank emerges as a spokesman for the concrete realization of traditional ideas.

—EUGENE V. ROSTOW

Letters

To The Reporter

Voice of The Reporter

To the Editor: Just in case nobody on your staff happened to notice it, the Voice of America gave two of *The Reporter's* "Gallery of U. S. Streets" (issue of December 20, 1949) quite a big play over its sixteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-five-meter worldwide broadcasting stations on December 26 at 2 P.M. The commentator used long excerpts from Isa Kapp's "New York . . . Second Avenue" and Robert Bingham's "Ada, Ohio . . . Main Street."

DONALD F. MANDELL
Dallas, Texas

Wine and Birth Rates

To the Editor: I must say that Saul Padover's theory about the French birth rate falling because the French drink too much, in his story, "The Biological Battle," page 27 of *The Reporter's* December 20, 1949, issue, sounds like nonsense to me.

I was over in France during the war, and I seldom saw a Frenchman or Frenchwoman seriously under the influence of alcohol except possibly during liberation celebrations, which were really great events. Indeed, as I recall the situation in Normandy, the peasants were hardly drinking a drop of the celebrated (but actually pretty awful) applejack, which they call Calvados. No, they were saving it all to sell to the Americans and the British at an exorbitant two or three hundred francs a bottle.

Indeed, the contrast between American and French drinking habits was something to see. It was a jesting theory in First U. S. Army that the July 25, 1944, breakout between St. Gilles and Marigny was a desperation move: We had drunk up all the Calvados on the beachhead and were forced to burst through German Seventh Army to get supplies. The Seventh Army stood between us and more drinkin' liquor.

The contrast between Frenchman and German was even more striking. When General Collins's VII Corps clamped down on Cherbourg, most of the perimeter pillboxes were defended, it seemed, by madmen. Many of the Germans inside *were* mad—with drink. The typical pillbox yielded up a quota of dead, wounded, dead-drunk, and hung-over krauts, plus a huge haul of empty bottles.

Anyhow, what does alcohol consumption have to do with lowering the birth rate? Perhaps I was mistaught, but I was given to understand that wine was a mild *aphrodisiac*.

ROSS BELDON
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mao-ssolini?

To the Editor: On page 18 of your Red China issue, there is this sentence: "The Communists are boasting, 'Where the People's Liberation Army goes, the trains run too!' "

It seems to me that there was a fellow somewhere who once made the trains run faster, or on time, or something like that. I also seem to recall that when last seen he was upside-down in a gas station.

FRANK S. NEWBY
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Contributors

Gerald W. Johnson has written biographies of Franklin Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Adolph Ochs, and Andrew Jackson. His most recent book is *Our English Heritage*. Hodding Carter is the editor-publisher of the *Delta Democrat-Times* in Greenville, Miss., a Nieman fellow and Pulitzer Prize winner. William V. Shannon, a Washington journalist, wrote the section on Massachusetts in Robert S. Allen's *Our Sovereign States*. George Soloveytchik is a former assistant editor of the London *Financial Times*. Henry R. Lieberman is a member of the staff of the New York *Times*, now on a Council of Foreign Relations Fellowship. Lyman Jones covers Hawaii for the *Christian Science Monitor*. Roger Burlingame, whose *Backgrounds of Power* was recently published, is the author of *Engines of Democracy*. Gordon Pates is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Richard Lewis is city editor of the Indianapolis *Times*. Eugene V. Rostow teaches in the Yale Law School. Cover by John Ployardt. Full-page photographs from Black Star.

The Editors

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Eisenhower's ex-G. I. cook stumps for the General

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NEXT ISSUE

THE SOVIET SATELLITES

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